BEST MORNING PAPER—PEARSON'S DAILY, "THE EXPRESS," ½d.

THE ROYAL

4D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 25, Vol. V.—November, 1900.

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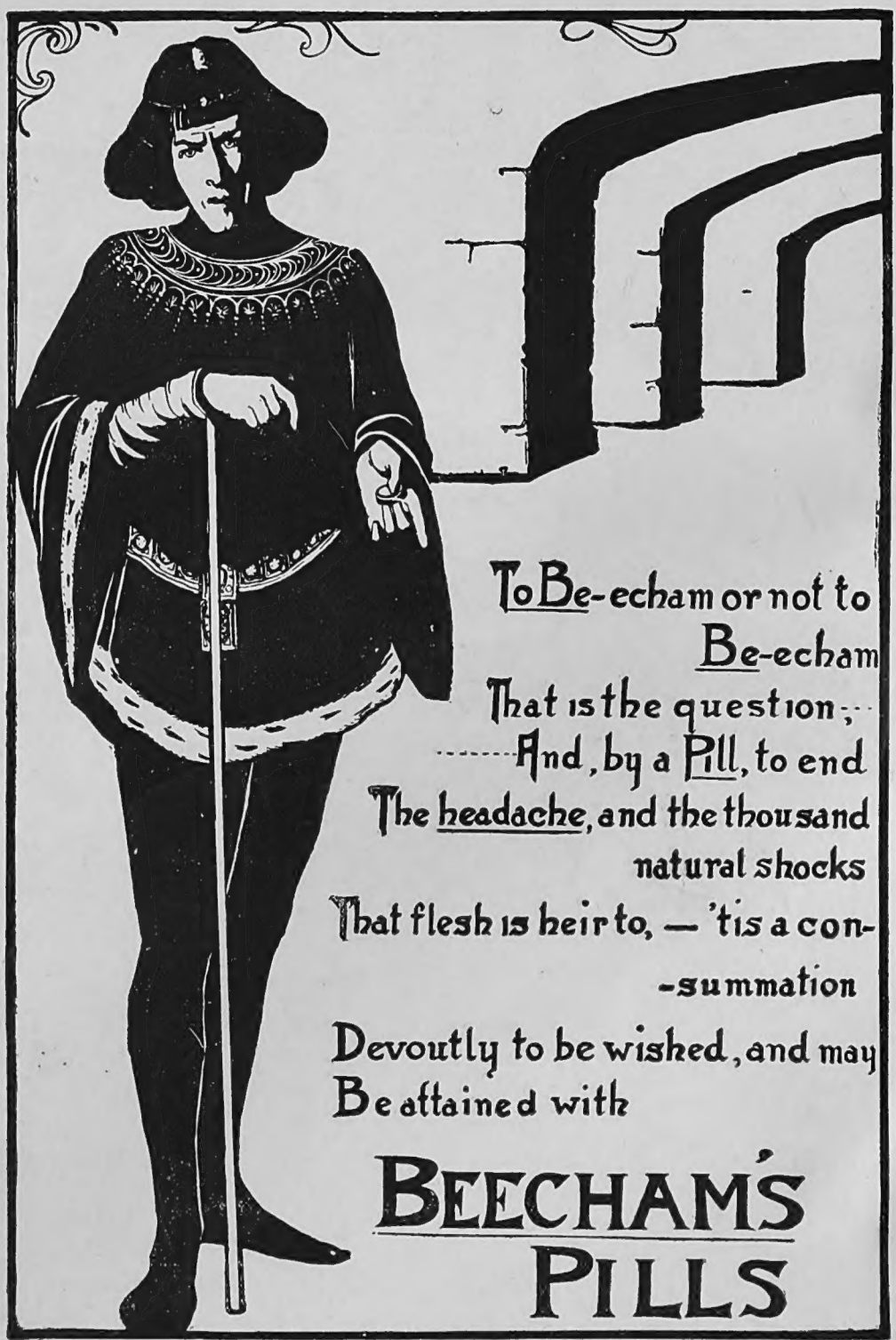

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Philosophy of this Life.

WHERE BRITAIN RULES ALL ARE FREE!!

'It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.'—*Huxley.*

LAUGH, and the WORLD laughs WITH you.
WEEP, and you WEEP ALONE.

DISASTERS are in reality the stepping stones to FUTURE ADVANCEMENT.

IMPURE BLOOD is the groundwork of nearly every form of DISASTROUS DISEASE.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and REMOVES BY NATURAL MEANS, without hazardous force, all fœtid or POISONOUS MATTER. It is IMPOSSIBLE to OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in HEALTH or DISEASE.

It is HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING, assists the functions of the Liver, Bowels, Skin, and Kidneys by Natural Means, and relieves the system of effete Gouty, Rheumatic matter, the groundwork of Fevers and other diseases.

Without such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the JEOPARDY of LIFE is Immensely Increased.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed) ————, Captain Retired Pay, West India Regt., Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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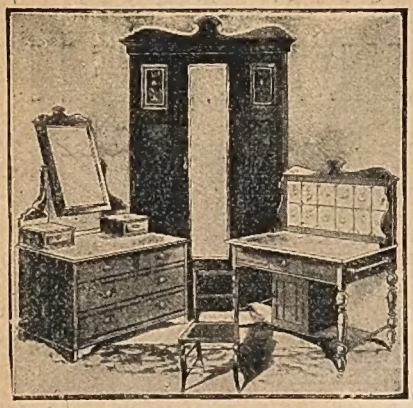
TASTEFUL, ECONOMICAL TEN-GUINEA SUITES.



This Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide and over 6ft. high, with large full-length highly-polished mirror with bevelled edges, carved panels; the inside is lined and fitted with swivel hooks and a very large drawer comes underneath. The Dressing Table is fitted with a beautiful large bevelled mirror, and has in addition 2 jewel drawers, 2 small drawers, and 2 extra large ones The Washstand is fitted with a fine Sicilian marble slab, 2 double rows of artistic tiles at back, pedestal cupboard underneath, while at side is attached a towel rail. 2 Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite can be supplied in either American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany or Oak, and is solid throughout, every article being well polished by hand labour. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash or on our instalment plan, 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea. In ordering, please say wood required.

EACH SUITE

£10 10s.

CARRIAGE PAID to any Railway Stn. in the Kingdom.

CASH or **CREDIT** as preferred.

Our special Parlour or Dining Room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's, and 4 Small Chairs. In Solid Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; soundly constructed and luxuriously upholstered in the best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality Leather Cloth, the backs of both large and small Chairs being padded with the same material. The quality of the coverings and of the stuffing is such that with ordinary wear and tear the suite should last a lifetime. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash, or on our instalment plan of 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated.

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A New Food for Diabetes

Cheltine

DIABETIC FOOD

Palatable and Nourishing.

Hitherto the great objection to all Diabetic preparations has been their extremely unpalatable nature. The CHELTINE DIABETIC FOOD and CHELTINE DIABETIC BISCUITS are thoroughly pleasant to the taste. Another strong claim which CHELTINE has on the Diabetic patient is that the food is extremely nourishing, and not like many other so-called Diabetic FOODS, in which there is no nourishment, and which gradually starve the patient.

CHELTINE DIABETIC FOOD can be taken in many ways, such as with Soups, Jellies, Puddings, Creams, Ices, Gruel, &c., thus affording the sufferer constant variety, and relief from the usual monotony of Diabetic diet.

PRICES—Cheltine Diabetic Food, 2/6 per Tin. | Cheltine Diabetic Biscuits, 2/- per Box.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

FREE SAMPLE sent on receipt of 3d. to defray Postage.

Address—***THE MANAGER (Dept. A.), Cheltine Works, CHELTENHAM.***

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KOKO

FOR THE HAIR

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating, preparation; causes the hair to grow *luxuriantly*, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandriff, *prevents hair from falling*, is *the most cleanly* of all hair preparations, and is *perfectly harmless*.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to *invigorate decayed hair*, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT

because it *prevents them from getting bald*, keeps dandriff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT

as a dressing because it gives the hair a *beautiful glossy lustre*, ensures a *luxuriant growth*, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired.

CHILDREN LIKE IT

because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, *allays irritation*, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT

because it is as *pure as crystal*, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour *the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing*; produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and *no other dressing is needed* to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it at once, and you will use no other.

It contains no Colouring Matter or Dye.

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried KOKO.

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

No. 97 **COUPON** Dated Nov 1/00

This entitles the Holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above. Koko Maricopas Co Limited

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for **2/-**, and 4 Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One Regular 12oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair**, the price of which is **4/6**, provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing that it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to The

KOKO MARICOPAS CO., Ltd.,
16, Bevis Marks, London.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally. **KOKO is sold by all Chemists, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per Bottle.**

For the sake of greater profit you may be asked to buy some other hair preparation instead; in justice to yourself and to us kindly insist on having KOKO.

M. & C. AGENCY

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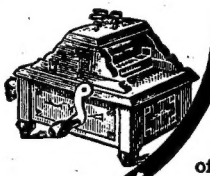
THE MODERN

STOVE POLISH

Every Tin Guaranteed.

TRY IT ON YOUR GRATE.



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DRAPER'S

ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE

is a real organ in miniature, containing two full sets of reeds and three stops. Productive of wonderful variations of tone and effect. Can be played at sight.

A CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

PRICE 35/- A Marvel of Cheapness. Cash returned if unsatisfactory. Also supplied for Easy Payments. **WORTH £4:4:0**

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WOODS' PATENT GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

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Fit yourself to start in a new profession at a better salary. Write for our free, illustrated book, entitled "**Can I Become An Electrical Engineer?**"

The ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION.

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TRADE MARK.

WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1898: "Thoroughly matured. Its character, in regard especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says: "Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

44s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.

Cash with Order or Reference.

JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON, N.B.

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SKIN & COMPLEXION.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

6d. Tablets. Sold everywhere.

ANTISEPTIC, EMOLLIENT, REFRESHING.

Illustrated List post free on application.

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£20

Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

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Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. *(Regd.)*
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N.B.—The largest and original house. (A reputation of over half a century.)

Manager—HY. MYERS.

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IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. Made in two qualities. In ordering please state size of collar.

The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind, as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**. Post free.

The "ADELPHI," made with wide, heavy dress front, one stud hole, and fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging caused by many wearers. Sample Shirt, **4/11**; ½ doz., **14/6**; ¼ doz., **28/6**.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish Linen Collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Place, Liverpool.

ARGUMENT UNNECESSARY.

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SOUTHALL'S PATENT BOOTS FOR MEN

have come to be regarded as the ideal Boots for men to wear. You can buy cheaper boots, but you will not get the same comfort in wear, and ease in walking. Laces are dispensed with, and the trouble of putting the Boots on and taking off reduced to a minimum.

PRICES 12/6, 14/6, and upwards.

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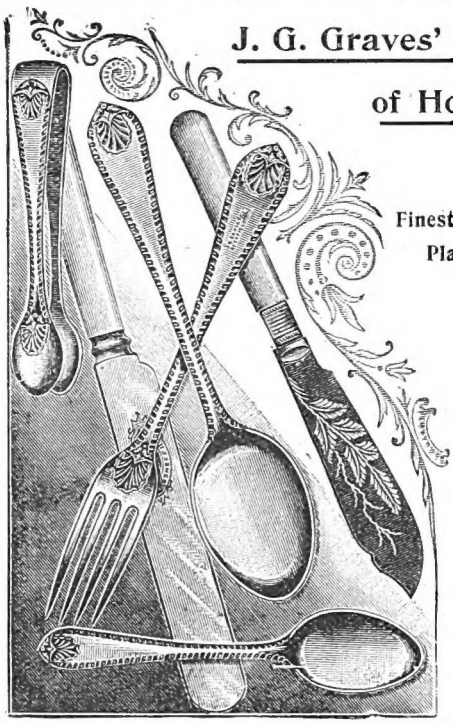

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55 PIECES FOR 30s.

Finest **Sheffield Cutlery and "Columbian" Silver Plate, Warranted to wear white throughout.**

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With each parcel, as above, J. G. Graves will present a Handsome Bread Knife with Sterling Silver Mount.

You only send 3s. to start with, J. G. Graves will then forward this Splendid Parcel, and, if you are satisfied with it, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount, making 30s. in all. If you are not satisfied with it, return the parcel, and your deposit is instantly refunded.

If you prefer to send the full amount of Cash with order, J. G Graves will include in the Parcel a Fine Pair of Carvers to match knives.

Have you seen the New Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, &c., &c.? Sent Free to your address on receipt of a postcard or letter.

WANTED.—Persons who can show our goods to their friends and influence orders. Good commission given. Write for terms and particulars.

J. G. GRAVES, Dept. 67, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

Trial Bottle, Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Wes bourne Grove, London, W.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION. White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled 2 sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56in. wide, 6s. 9d. per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 inches wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. yard.*

Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. each. Samples of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, *Tapestries*, Cretonnes, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, and Mantel Borders. *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Blankets, Quilts, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet. &c post free.*

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Before you buy an old-fashioned and high-priced machine, investigate this matter. Send for our new Booklet, "CHOOSING A TYPEWRITER," and List No. 27, which will help you to judge the good points of ANY machine.

CASH PRICES:

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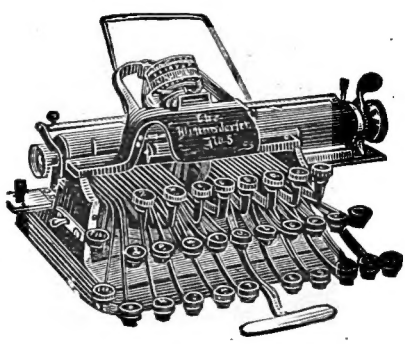
No literary man or journalist should be without his typewriter, and the BLICK, with its new Literary Keyboard, will meet all his requirements. It is made to wear, is quick in operation, easily portable, and costs but one-third the price of the older makes.



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A LETTER

FROM THE FRONT.

The ONLY notepaper available near VAAL RIVER being the "**CEREBOS SALT**" advertisement torn from the "Strand Magazine."

25500 Dear Amy - We are on the march still, & now are near Vaal River, abt 16 miles South Have had no chance of posting since Brandfort as Boers are South of us but I will try to send this shortly
~~a sick convoy just going down We have marched~~
each day mile leaving Bfontein, through Kroonstade to ~~Heilbron~~ Heliobron & we are now making tracks for the Transvaal We do about 15/20 miles daily through on 2 days we did 31 & 28. Each night on reaching camp we have to pitch a few tents for the sick & wounded & see them all right before we turn in ourselves (under the waggons or in the open air) Provisions are scarce as the Bs have quite destroyed the rail here & the road is only passable for large forces We have an enormous strength, with this army now, & ought to have no difficulty in getting into the Transvaal. The weather is beautiful albeit it is very fortunate as it would be awful to bivouac in the wet. The nights are cold though. We have now had 19 days sleeping in a different place each night & most of us have had enough. It is wonderfully interesting work though very hard. Have had some nasty wounds in Hosp. We are very eger to reach Pretoria. Am keeping well. My big boots are a great comfort for marching in. Give my best love to all at home & Saltash. Of course we have had no letters at all lately. Whose you last from Brandfat I hope you will get both that & this letter all right excuse notepaper. Best love from Edwin

CEREBOS

The most exquisite TABLE SALT. Used in the Household of H.M. THE QUEEN and the Princess of Wales.

(REPRODUCED BY PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHY.)

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

is always "at the front" in Good-class Houses.

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JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES AND MANTLES.

Sent without delay by Parcel Post, safely packed, and guaranteed to be exceptionally high value for money.

MOURNING ORDERS SENT OFF AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE.

A VELVET-TRIMMED COSTUME.

Model 256.—Made in Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of Blouse Bodice with Velvet Revers, prettily trimmed Black and White. Plain fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat back. Price complete, only **10/6**; carriage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d. extra.

PRETTILY TRIMMED HAT, as sketch, 7/0; carriage, 6d. extra.

SPECIAL VALUE.

A comfortable garment, of good appearance, at a price never before attempted.

MODEL 339.

Well made in good black cloth, trimmed on collar and front black fur. Price only **8/6**; carriage 6d. 26in. long in front.

8/6

Patterns and Illustrated Fashion Lists Post Free.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of Costume Coating or Cheviot Serge (6yds. 52in. wide) for 7/6, carriage 8d.

COLOURS.—Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Khaki, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 34in., 36in., and 38in. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24in., 26in., and 28in.; Skirts being 38in., 40in., and 42in. long in front. Any other sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra.

These Designs, or Ladies' own styles, can be made up in any kind of Dress Fabric at the most moderate charge. A BOX OF PATTERNS OF NEW SEASON'S DRESS GOODS LENT TO SELECT FROM, and sent carriage paid.

The new Illustrated Fashion List sent Post Free, showing special values in Children's Costumes, Jackets, Corsets, Waterproofs, House Linens, Blankets, &c. Kindly name "Royal Magazine" when writing to

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.,

No. 44, Brook St. Mills, **MANCHESTER.**

TO INSURE GOOD HEALTH

FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH

PAINS IN THE BACK,

Headache, Nervous Exhaustion, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, General Debility, in fact, all cases of Congestion,

Electricity will Cure when all other remedies fail.

Recommended by three Physicians to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and by the most eminent medical men of this century.

Bands for Headaches and Sore Throats, 5s.

New Illustrated Pamphlet Post Free on mentioning this Magazine.

J. L. PULVERMACHER AND CO. Limited,
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HAGEMANN'S COMPLETE COCOA, MILK & SUGAR,

Most Economical. **3** *Easiest To Digest.*

All 3 in 1—IN A FINE POWDER.

COCOA

HAIR DESTROYED.

Send me an envelope (stamped and addressed), and I will tell you how to remove all superfluous hair FREE OF CHARGE. Send no money.—Address, in confidence, Miss H. E. (Room 3), 195, Oxford Street, London, W.

BECOME A "CRACKSHOT!"

By a little practice with a

PRICE ONLY 4/-

20TH CENTURY DAISY AIR RIFLE

Extreme Length, 30in.
Weight, 2lb.

Shoots B.B. shot or darts with sufficient force to kill birds, rats, &c. at 50ft.

Write at once for address of nearest agent to "R" Dept.

NO POWDER SMOKE DANGER NOISE

WM. E. PECK & CO., 8, Bradford Avenue, London.

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New Zealand, 1882; Calcutta, 1884; London, 1885; New Orleans, 1885; Southern States, 1886.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

MACKINTOSH'S

EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

INCOMPARABLE FOR FLAVOUR.

IS "MOREISH"—More you eat, more you want. Suits Everybody's taste. *For trade terms apply*—
J. MACKINTOSH Ltd., The Toffee Kings, HALIFAX.
Sold here, there, and everywhere.
LARGE SAMPLE PACKET POST FREE **6d.** STAMPS

A GRAND THING FOR WINTER.

STONE'S GINGER WINE.

STONE'S GINGER WINE is prepared from the finest Jamaica Ginger, and is a most healthy and palatable drink. **Ginger** is noted for its gentle stimulating properties, and the most convenient form for taking it is **STONE'S GINGER WINE.** Be sure to ask for **STONE'S,** and see that you get it.
Sold by all leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Grocers, or on draught at Bars and Refreshment Rooms.
Wholesale: **THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO., LONDON, E.C.**

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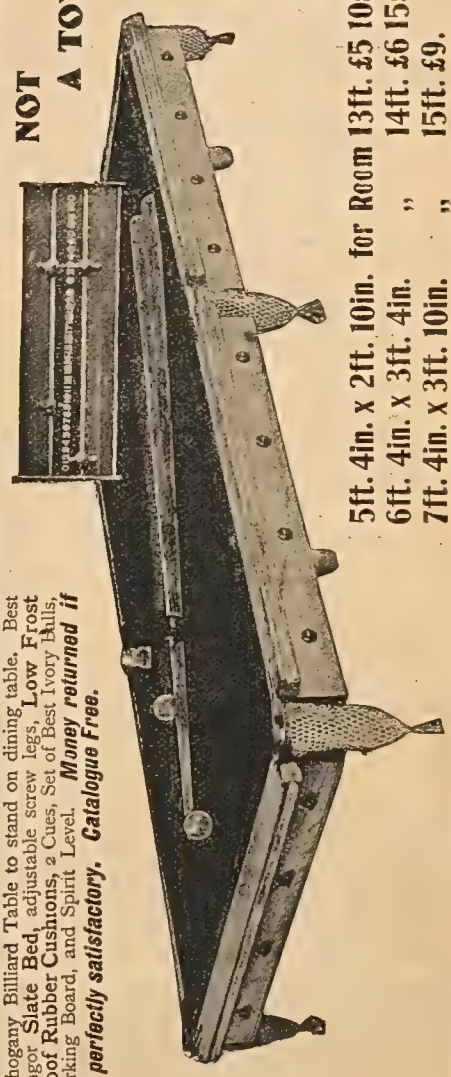
NOT A TOY.



5ft. 4in. x 2ft. 10in. for Room 13ft. £5 10s.
6ft. 4in. x 3ft. 4in. " 14ft. £6 15s.
7ft. 4in. x 3ft. 10in. " 15ft. £9.

Mahogany Billiard Table to stand on dining table. Best Bangor **Slate Bed,** adjustable screw legs, **Low Frost Proof Rubber Cushions,** 2 Cues, Set of Best Ivory Balls, Marking Board, and Spirit Level. ***Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Catalogue Free.***

Full Size Billiard Tables,

50 to 250 GUINEAS.

Estimates Free. *Prompt Repairs.*

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

The Largest Showrooms out of London.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Accrington, Eng.

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ASTHMA

WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for Asthma Chronic Bronchitis, shortness of Breath, BLOOD SPITTING, &c.?

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE OF CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to the Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 16, T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received.

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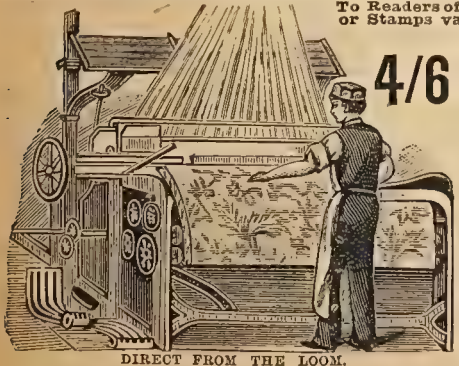

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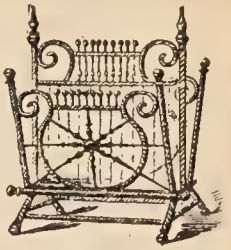

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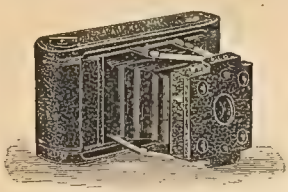

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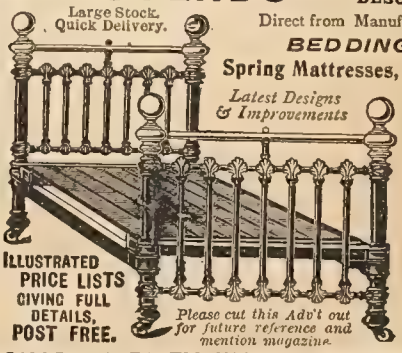

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1900, TO APRIL, 1901.

PUBLISHING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD.,

"THE ROYAL MAGAZINE" OFFICE, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

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Photo by G. Barry.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photography as an Art.

Photography and acting are what might be termed by a legal gentleman "joint plaintiffs in the court of public opinion on an application to be adjudged, entitled to the right and status of an 'art.'" I should be sorry to have to find out exactly how many articles have been written and papers read by eminent and humble actors in justification of their claim that acting is an art. And it is not settled yet. It may, perhaps, be settled one day and probably in favour of the applicants.

As I have said, photography finds itself in much the same position as acting. Is it an art? I have seen it stated by an expert photographer that a photograph, which is the result of a plate exposed by merely pressing a button and then developed and printed without any working up of the negative, has no claim to be termed a work of art. And that contention has been very roundly abused and considerably sat upon by the editors of and contributors to photographic papers.

Skill in Photography.

I for one am with them, as witness the title of this my monthly contribution. I do not pretend for one moment to suggest that I can define an art. But if the element of personal skill comes in, then photography has some claims on this score. Give two men an inkpot, a pen (each may chose his particular nib), a sheet of paper, and a subject, with directions to write a poem upon it, and one will turn out a poem and the other a miserable jingle. Give two people each a camera and other accessories, together with a subject, and one will turn out a beautifully finished and mounted picture, and the other a foggy, indistinct, and ridiculous failure, smudged on to a piece of cardboard. In fact, from the choosing of a subject to the sticking down of the finished print on to the mount there is a huge margin for individual skill.

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

The late King of Italy and Queen Margherita watching a carnival.

"Press the button and ——"

The "press the button and we will do the rest" test is an excellent illustration if an amateur cares to try. For

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From a Photo.

Salute I

example, take out a couple of spools of films of half-a-dozen each. When you have exposed them all, send one spool to a good photographer and develop the other yourself.

When you get your prints home compare them with your own productions, and you will realise how much you—and, of course, I am talking directly to the very ordinary amateur—have yet to learn, and that the fault is entirely yours and not that of your camera or your chemicals. Nor does this fact fully comprehend the difference between an expert and a tyro, for if the two are out together and act independently in every way, the former, by his results, will prove that he knows just what to photograph, how to select the best view, and how to seize the best light.

To those who are really fond of photography, the fact of personal skill playing so large a part is the chief charm of the hobby. Difficulties only exist to be overcome.

Over-Exposure. With stand cameras I think I am safe in saying that over-exposure is the chief cause of trouble. Beginners are fond of working with very rapid

Photo by William Marriott Dodson.

Waiting for a Bite.

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Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

GATHERING A POSY.

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plates, and are frequently apt when giving a time exposure to "give just a second more to make quite sure." It's that second more that, far from making sure, makes trouble.

An over-exposed negative may be recognised by its being dark all over. The different parts, although dark, have no sharp contrast. Possibly all the details can be seen, but there is a dulness overspreading the print that makes it flat and poor.

The best thing, almost the only thing, to do is to stop development at as early a stage as you can, subject to getting out some detail. Do what you will, however, the result remains that the negative lacks full and proper contrast.

Photo by Lafayette.

Sunshine.

Under-Exposure. UNDER-EXPOSURE is not infrequently mistaken for over-development, just as over-development is often mistaken for under-exposure. There is some excuse for confounding the processes, for they are somewhat similar. Under-exposure is recognisable by the high lights appearing exceedingly dense, whilst the shadows are transparent and without detail. If you place a sheet of white paper behind the negative, and can see it white through the shadow portion of the plate, then you may be pretty certain your negative is under-exposed. The prints you will get from such a negative will have the high lights hard and white, whilst the shadows will come out as little more than black patches.

The hardness of the high lights may be somewhat softened by stopping development at an earlier stage than usual, but the advantage thus gained is counterbalanced by the fact that what little detail there might possibly be in the finer shadows will be entirely lost. An under-exposed negative is beyond cure to the extent that you cannot put on to it that which it has failed to record. To an extent—and a considerable extent—you can battle with over-exposure, but under-exposure is well nigh hopeless.

Over-Development. OVER-DEVELOPMENT may, as I have said, be confounded with under-exposure. There is, however, this difference—that in the shadows the details are thin and can be printed. The evil, however, that stamps a negative as over-developed is—assuming it to have been

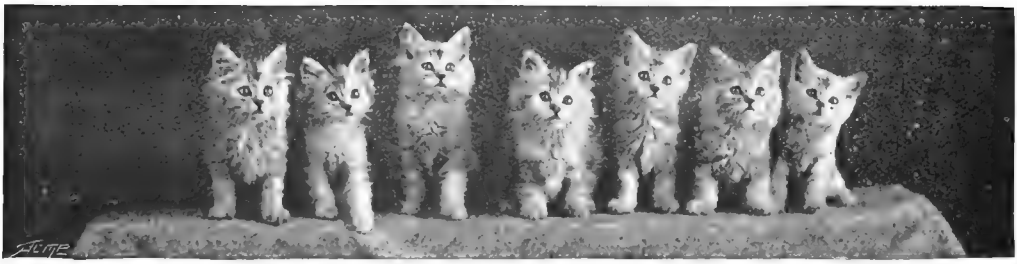

Photo by Landor & Fousham.

We are Seven.

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Photo by C. F. Inston.

THE DINNER HOUR.

Photo by George B. Cowen.

"TESS."

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correctly exposed—its excessive contrast. The result is that when you come to print, you will find that if you get your high lights just right, the shadow gradations will be lost in a dense blackness. On the other hand, if you stop printing when the details in your shadows are exactly as you would wish them, you will find that your high lights will not come out.

Photo by John Hart.

Aloft.

Under-Development.

UNDER-DEVELOPMENT is, of course, the opposite to over-development, and just as the latter may be mistaken for under-exposure so under-development may be mistaken for over-exposure.

The details are there, but the negative is weak. When it comes to printing, the prints will prove flat and unsatisfactory.

Of all the four troubles, there is, perhaps, the least excuse for under-development, and I do not think it is often the trouble at the bottom of a bad print. Over-exposure is far more likely to be the cause—an evil with which, as I have said, under-development is likely to be confounded.

Should Plates be Dusted? I SEE that at a recent meeting of the London and Provincial Photographic Company a question was raised as to whether it was necessary to dust plates before putting them into the slides. Plates often gather more dust from the brush which is supposed to clean them than they originally carry. And originally they carry a very infinitesimal amount, modern makers expending a vast deal of care when packing them up; but when the receiver opens the parcels, fibres of the packing papers and cards are liable to become detached and settle on the plates, as also particles of dust which are always present in a room, and these, unless removed, will often spoil an otherwise perfect picture. But even then more harm than good is frequently done by cleaning, and the everlasting grievances of amateurs, that their pictures are spoilt because of the dirtiness of their plates, is due to their own carelessness. They will not understand that a cleaning implement may become dirty itself. Remember, then, that it is absolutely necessary that your dusting-brush should be carefully cleaned every time before use; if this is not done the plates had much better be left untouched. It is the strict observance of trifles such as this that makes all the difference between good and bad photography.

Photo by E. T. Sheaf.

Men of the Isle of Wight Yeomanry.

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I.

I WAS sitting in the garden with Leo Straherne's wife, watching, in silence, the shadows of the great cedar sweep softly over the green lawn as the light wind gently stirred in its supple branches. I pictured to myself—as a sudden twinge shot through my wounded shoulder where that accursed frontier bullet had done its work so well—the contrast between the peaceful English scene that lay before me and the one I had so lately left in far-distant Chitral, with all its grim battle-life, when strong-nerved men were strung to their utmost, not by the possibility of meeting the enemy face to face, but by the hateful uncertainty of guerilla warfare, and the spasmodic, but often deadly, aim of the hidden foe.

I heaved a quiet sigh of relief as I realised that after the long years of exile in the East and these few deadly months of war I was sitting peacefully once more in a quiet English garden with a gentle English lady by my side.

I had always been devoted to my little cousin Irene—"Butterfly," as we used to call her in the days when she would come clamouring for some game or other, or a ride on my schoolboy shoulders—and still fonder, when later on I spent a too-brief fortnight's leave before I joined my regiment abroad, and found her still the mischievous "Butterfly" of old, but sweeter, prettier, and more imperious than ever, in all the newly acquired dignity of her lengthened frocks.

Then came the swift good-bye, the bustle of departure, and India with its strange new scenes and wondrous life; so England and the days that were slowly faded away.

But the years had sped and I was once more at home, with my wounded shoulder for excuse. I found that Leo Straherne had amply fulfilled the promise of youth and was universally recognised, in his generous prime of life, as one of the great authorities of the day, and, in addition to this, had inherited all his eccentric old father's wealth and above all Straherne Court, where he and his young wife passed their days with a little gold-haired child, as quietly and happily as though fame had not touched either of them with his disturbing fingers.

I admired the man immensely, with his splendid physique and magnificent head and that look of suppressed power that somehow dwarfed all noisier and more assertive cleverness. But at first it puzzled me oddly to think why Irene of all people, had chosen to marry him, loving as she did a gay London life and the merry frivolous set she always gathered around her wherever she went. One afternoon, I asked her bluntly for the reason, taking double advantage of my privileged position both as cousin and convalescent.

But as soon as I had said it I regretted the words, for her smiling face suddenly clouded over, and "Why do you ask me, Dick," she interrogated, with a note of distress in her voice. "Don't you think Leo is happy?"

I smiled at this new view of the case, and hastened to assure her that, to my way of thinking, he was at the same time the luckiest and the most contented of living men, and was glad

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to see her face change at my exaggerated protest, though a shadow of pain still lingered in the beautiful brown eyes.

"I owe him that at least," she said softly, and for a moment she hesitated; then she told me her story.

II.

"When I first met Leo," she commenced, "he was practising in a little village ten miles from Ashby Leigh, where we had taken a house for the summer months,

"I found him such a delightful, serious contrast to the men I had danced, ridden, and flirted with for the last few months that I think, out of sheer gratitude for the change from the monotony of those others, I fell in love with him.

"I learned that his father was an old Surrey Squire, who, furious with his only son for 'stooping'—as he considered it from his century-ago standpoint—to the profession of medicine, had limited him to the least possible allowance, and practically shut the old doors of Straherne Court in his face.

"Cast on his own resources, Leo had persevered steadily, passing one examination after another with brilliancy, and resisting the ever-constant temptation of throwing up the drudgery and poverty of his existence for the luxurious country life which, by a word on his part, he knew he could at any moment return to. By the time he had reached the age of twenty-eight he found himself, after a year of partnership with the old village practitioner, on the latter's death, the owner of the small practice above-mentioned.

"Ours was the only big house open to him within easy reach, and many a summer evening, returning from his long country rounds, he would drop in for a chat, which, often as not, ended in our persuading him to put up his horse and dine with us.

"Of course, my people did not altogether approve, but that was only to be expected, and I am afraid rather added a spice to my resolution; and so the end of it all was that my father made me a most generous allowance which, with Leo's own, was amply sufficient for both, and we were married one bright October morning at the little village church.

"At first I was radiantly happy in my new home. I drove the long rounds by my husband's side, and took a deep interest in all his dreams and aspirations, for we only looked upon this quiet village life as a stepping-stone to better things, and an opportunity for him to read and study for the scientific side of his profession which then, as now, that it has been realised, remains his fondest desire.

"I think if we had just stayed on as we were then, I should yet have been very contented, but the change came all too soon; the old squire died suddenly, unreconciled, and Leo came into his own.

"In the excitement of the busy days that followed, I hardly regretted dear old Ashby Leigh, but as the months rolled on, and we settled down to our new luxurious life in the great Manor House sunk in the depths of its broad park, I felt that some intimate joy had passed away from us, never to return; and there were evenings when I could have cried for very

"Why do you ask me, Dick? Don't you think Leo is happy?"

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sadness as the pompous old butler slowly served us in the high-panelled room, and dead and gone Strahernes smiled grimly from their massive frames upon us, and I thought of the cosy little suppers of Ashby Leigh, when we dismissed the rosy country maid, and waited upon one another like a couple of happy children picnicing.

"And then it was I first began to pine for London and the old gay life.

"Leo was building a laboratory in the east wing, and every London train brought parcels of instruments and fittings, heavy cases of books, and all the grim paraphernalia of a scientist's retreat.

"Every day I seemed to see less and less of him, and then one morning came an invitation from the Branksomes to spend a week in their new house in Park Street.

"I jumped eagerly at the diversion and went. Instead of a week I stayed a fortnight.

"When I returned Leo seemed tired and overworked, and admitted to late hours spent over the long-coveted new possessions.

"I did my best to enter patiently into all his long-drawn-out plans, but it began to get upon my nerves, and there were days when I fancied that his love for me was small when compared with that which he bore his work.

"And then it was I first met Captain Adye."

She stopped short, and I interposed "Adye of the 12th?"

She nodded her head uneasily. "Did you know him?" I felt vagueness was the kindest course. "In India, very slightly," I responded carelessly, and again there was a short silence. Suddenly she turned to me with one of her brilliant smiles, but I noticed for all her assumed assurance her eyelids flickered, and her eyes strayed past me. "Suppose we miss a few pages?" she suggested abruptly.

I could not resist the temptation; I knew Adye's method well. "We'll take the story up again after his proposal for a fresh deal all round," I interposed, but repented me immediately, as a hot wave of colour passed over her averted face.

"He *was* a brute," she remarked almost childishly, "but I didn't see it then, don't you know? I thought him very kind and sympathetic at the time; not long after I realised that he was responsible for most of my early unhappiness with his clever cynical talk.

"And one evening, on my return to Straherne, the crisis came. Some little matter had upset me thoroughly, and it was on Leo that I poured forth all my long pent-up resentment.

"He tried to soothe me at first, but I would not listen to him, and at last his temper rose. 'You are most unreasonable to-night, Irene,' he said in his cold, authoritative way; 'I can't think what has come over you lately.'

"I had just reached the door, and I stopped and hurled at him my last words with a sob. 'I wish to Heaven I had never met you!' I cried.

"I saw the quick change in his face, and for a moment it frightened me, and the next I had fled upstairs and locked myself in my room.

"Late that night he came and tapped at my door. 'Irene,' he said, 'I want to talk to you, dear,' but I pretended to be asleep, and after a minute or two he went away again.

"The next morning I had arranged to go to town. I breakfasted in my room whilst my maid packed, and when I came down I learned that Leo was still at work. I thought for a moment of going to his laboratory, but the dogcart was at the door, and I changed my mind, and left the house without a word.

"For four days I threw myself feverishly into the gaiety around me. I saw Captain Adye on every possible occasion; but Leo never wrote me a word, and I dreaded, with a child's dread of the dark, my return to the bleak old house.

"I arrived home one Friday afternoon. Leo greeted me very quietly, but I knew he had neither forgiven nor forgotten, if only by the fact that for the first time since our marriage, it was the groom alone who waited for me at the little village station.

"I had not met Captain Adye for some time, but his letters poured in apace, and one morning, as he handed me the post, Leo demanded: 'Who writes to you so often from the Cavalry Club, Irene?'

"Under his steady glance I felt my cheek grow scarlet, but I held my head high and retorted: 'A friend in town.'

"A frown gathered on Leo's forehead as he answered drily: 'So I supposed. May I ask his name?'

"'Captain Adye,' I replied, with a grand air of indifference. 'Adye?' he said interrogatively, and would have spoken further, but checked himself suddenly with a curious little smile, and gathering up his correspondence, he walked slowly away into the east wing.

"Do what I would, that little scene at breakfast haunted me, and the bare fact of losing any of Leo's respect stung me like a whip.

"For of all the letters he had written to me,

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the last was the only one unfit to meet my husband's eye.

"In it Adye had thrown aside all the subterfuges of the past weeks, and had urged me in broken, passionate language to leave the narrow groove of home and to start life anew under his eternal love and protection.

"My nerves were strung to their utmost pitch, when the old butler brought me a message that his master would like to see me in his study for a few moments, 'if I could spare him the time,' and as I realised the full irony of the polite termination, and followed the servant down the long stone passage and through the baize door that bridged so wide a gulf, my heart was beating wildly, and it was all that I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes.

"As I entered the room Leo was writing at the big bureau, and he blotted the page before him carefully, and laid it by the side of the others on the table before he seemed to notice my presence.

"Then, still in silence, he pushed forward a big chair for me abstractedly and drew up another facing it, and to my great relief began to speak.

"But what he said was so unexpected that for a moment or two I scarcely realised what he proposed.

"The sum total was this:

"He had, he believed, made a great medical discovery—an antidote for certain snake poisons hitherto regarded as fatal in their results—which, if proven, would be one of the greatest scientific boons of the age, in India and elsewhere.

"I wish to Heaven I had never met you!" I cried.

"He had tried it on certain animals and found it to be an absolute success, and he was now going to put it to the supreme test, and try it on a human being, the one chosen being himself.

"He explained to me that he intended testing personally inoculation with the deadly poison, and in so many minutes from the time given the antidote was to be promptly and efficiently administered.

"Naturally the person who stood by him in the hour of trial and used the hyperdermic syringe as described was practically responsible for his life. He

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had thought for some time of securing the services of a brother practitioner, a leading London man; but that morning—here he fixed me with his keen blue eyes—circumstances had arisen which had caused him to change his mind. He would give this matter of life and death into the keeping of the person he trusted the most in the whole wide world—the one being in whom he had implicit confidence—his wife!

"As I slowly realised it, I would have given anything to have stopped him in his mad undertaking, but my pride forbade me, and a mocking voice suggested he was but doing this to put me to the test, and I boldly picked up the gauntlet he had flung down at my feet.

"Once, some time ago, when my mother was ill, I had given her doses of morphia, so I knew how to use the instrument, and to make quite sure I tried it once more carefully, and asked numerous details. Leo's brow cleared at my ready acquiescence, and once during the slight preparations he took my hand in his, and his face grew tender as of old, but my studied look of surprise rebuffed him, and he dropped my cold fingers hastily, and put on his every-day professional manner.

"At five o'clock the experiment was to take place, and exactly at twelve minutes past the antidote to be administered.

"As the hands drew near the hour, he described briefly the probable effects of the poison—intense drowsiness, possibly slight delirium, resulting speedily in a state of coma from which only the remedy would rouse him.

"As the clock struck he inoculated himself, throwing the empty tube carefully into the flaming fire, and lay down on the small couch by the window.

"His eyes slowly closed, and he looked like a man asleep, but by-and-by his expression changed, and he began to mutter unintelligibly to himself; then all was silence again.

"His face grew grey. I touched the hands which hung so limply by his side, and they felt stiff and cold, but his breathing sounded quite peaceful.

"I looked at the clock—five minutes more—and then at the charged syringe by my side, and a horrible temptation rose suddenly in my brain. Five, four, then three minutes—why not ten? . . . why not *for ever*?

"I walked feverishly to the table and took up the first thing that came to hand, as I thrust that deadly thought far behind me, with shuddering nerves—it was a letter written to the Medical Faculty setting forth the merits and possible flaws in the great discovery. It wound up by absolutely exonerating, 'Irene, my wife, in whose loyalty and skill I have implicit confidence, should any unforseen accident occur and the experiment prove fatal to myself.—Signed, Leo Straherne.'

"Scarcely thinking what I did, in my active need for occupation, I broke the seal of the second letter addressed to 'Irene Straherne, in the event of my death,' and with a start of surprise mastered the short contents, which amounted to a businesslike statement to the effect that Leo Straherne left all his worldly goods, including Straherne Court, to his beloved wife, Irene, to do with as she thought best, and in the event of her marrying again or not.

"Then for the first time the full force of the man's love and generosity swept across me, and as I realised it, I heard a sound that forced a cry from my lips and sent me flying in the direction of the couch.

"For the clock had struck a quarter past. Leo's face looked grey and set, and to my excited fancy his breathing seemed to come fainter and yet fainter.

"Swiftly I raised up the skin on his bared arm, and inserted the needle with the life-preserving fluid.

"I leaned still nearer and it seemed to me his life was gently ebbing away. 'Too late! too late!' a voice rang in my heart, and I flung myself on my knees beside him and prayed as I had never prayed before.

"'Oh God, give me this man's life!' Over and over again, I repeated the words and as I pressed the cold, nerveless hands in mine, slowly and slowly, easier came the short faint breaths, the rigid look relaxed, and a wan tinge of colour came into the pale face.

"Hours seemed to pass before he opened his eyes, and as they fell upon me kneeling there beside him, with the tears streaming down my cheeks, never shall I forget the look of love and trustfulness he gave me.

"My heart was too full for words and in silence I warmed the broth and brought it to him, and helped him to raise himself up against the cushions.

"I think he must have noticed how my hands were trembling, for he took one of them in his and pressed it gently.

"'Brave little hand,' he said, and his voice sounded weak and far-away—'my brave little Butterfly.'

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"At the old tender name he had not used for so long a time, I broke down utterly. . ."

She paused for a moment as though the memory were too much for her even now, and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes down the long green lawn to the wood-lined valley below, while I cursed myself as an inquisitive old fool to have caused even the shadow of this trouble to have clouded her bright young face again.

But in a minute, she lifted her head, and looked me straight between the eyes with the old defiant look I remembered so well, and continued steadily:

"So I told him everything—*everything*, mind you, about Captain Adye and how little I had merited his confidence and all!

"I did not spare myself, and he listened in silence to the end. I had covered my face with my hands, I could not bear the pain in his keen blue eyes, but when he spoke his tone, though firm, was very gentle indeed. 'You must tell me one thing, dear,' he said at last. '*Why* did you do this thing?' and a tremor came into his voice, 'don't be afraid, child, did you *love* him . . this Captain Adye?' I felt him lean towards me, and he drew his breath in sharply, as he waited for my reply, but all I could stammer through my sobs was—

I raised the skin on his bared arm and inserted the needle with the life-giving fluid.

"'No, no! only . . . . I thought you didn't care, and I was so lonely . . so *very* . . lonely . . Leo . . . !'

"And then in a minute his arms were round me, and I heard him murmur under his breath—'Please God, little woman, you shall never be lonely again!'"

Her voice sank almost to a whisper with the last words, and without looking up into her face I knew that there were tears in her eyes. All around us, on bush and lawn and tree, was the soft, rich glow of dying sunset, and the summer air was very still save for the delicate rustle of leaves and the song of a single thrush perched high up on an adjacent elm tree. We neither of us spoke—indeed, what was there to say? But we thought the more as we gazed silently into the peaceful evening, and saw the western gold deepening, and the shadows lengthening on the grass.

Suddenly "Butterfly" started and laid her finger to her lips, as the sound of gravel scrunching under a man's tread, and the laugh of a child rang out on the evening air.

A shadow fell across the lawn, and turning warily in my chair, ever mindful of the wounded shoulder, I saw Leo Straherne striding down the path, in his arms a tumbled bundle of lawn and lace, golden curls, and bare kicking legs.

And as I saw the light that shone in "Butterfly's" dark eyes as she looked up into her husband's handsome face, I realised that Leo Straherne had amply fulfilled his word, and it was not the frontier wound alone that caused me to sigh, as I let my eyes wander away into dreamland over the edge of the purple hills.

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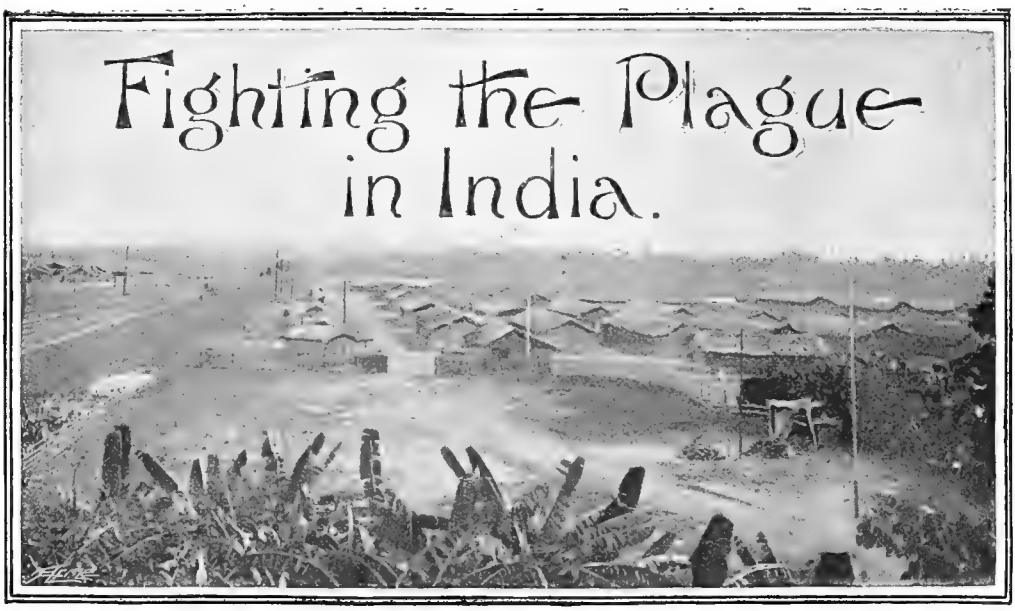
Fighting the Plague in India.



A segregation camp for plague patients.

By Caldwell Lipsett.

Illustrated with Photos specially taken for the Royal Magazine.

Bombay, when approached on the land side, smells like a mixture of india-rubber and rotton seaweed. This is not a special sign of the plague, nor is it peculiar to the present moment when the filth disease is epidemic there; it is the native odour of that water and sewage-logged island, and in itself affords sufficient reason why the plague should have selected Bombay as a congenial abiding place.

By the courtesy of Mr. Harvey, Municipal Commissioner of Bombay, I was enabled recently to go the round with a plague search and disinfection party in the company of Captain Pritchard, the district plague officer of Dongri, and to visit the plague hospitals with Professor Muller, President of the relief fund.

To the casual eye there is very little difference between Bombay now and before the plague broke out. Outwardly there is no perceptible difference except, perhaps, that it is a somewhat more common occurrence than it used to be to meet a native funeral in the streets, and certain houses are seen to bear the plague-mark.

The method of plague-marking is as follows. When a case occurs, a half circle is inscribed on the wall of the house, and the date of discovery written inside it; if the patient dies the circle is completed. A circle with a cross inside it means a death from natural causes, but when these become so numerous as to outnumber the plague deaths, as sometimes is the case, the diagnosis becomes suspicious, to say the least of it. A large D means that the house has been disinfected, but in some districts a large F is put instead, meaning flushed. The letters U.H.H. mean that the house has been condemned by the municipality as unfit for human habitation.

The method of detection at present is almost purely by voluntary agency, mainly by native gentlemen; these are organised by the district plague officer, and each man is supposed to report any case that occurs in his quarter in the course of the day. Some committees, of course, work very much better than others.

Starting, then, at seven in the morning from the Dongri Plague District Office, which is in a fairly open part of the town, a couple of turns took us straight into the centre of Nowrojee Hill, one of the worst nests in Bombay, hardly one of the houses in which escaped furnishing a case of the plague during the first three epidemics. The houses here are mean, squalid and filthy

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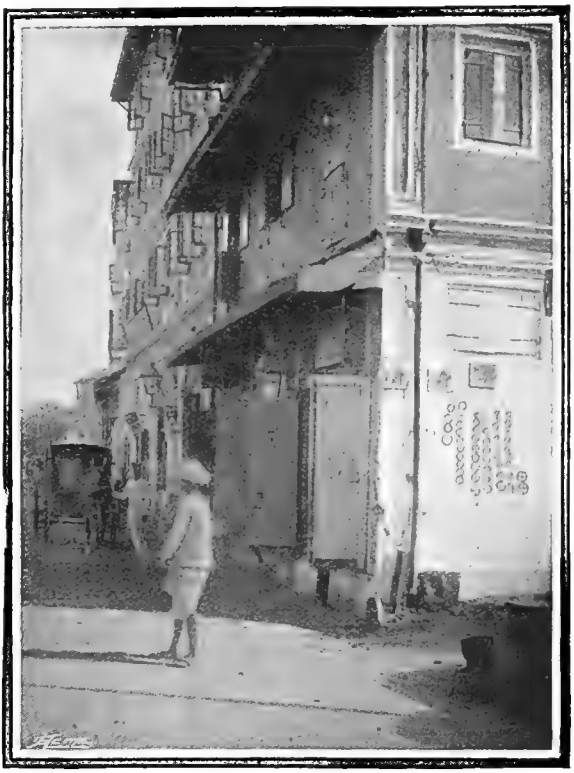
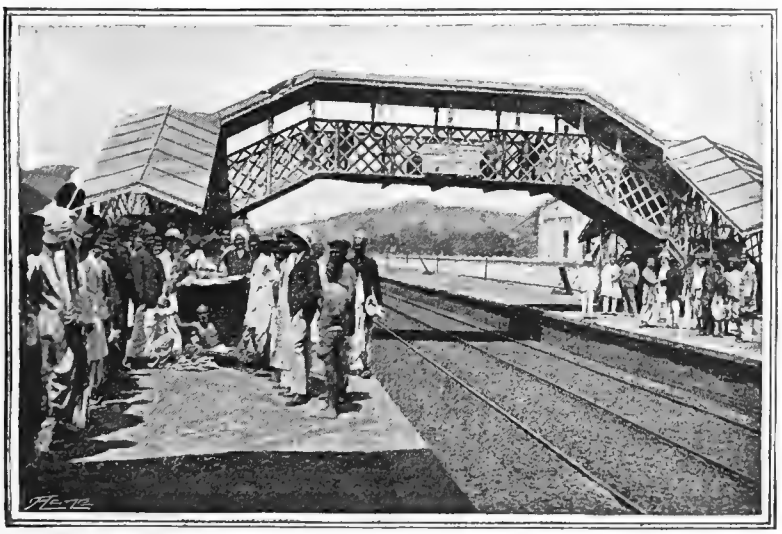
beyond description; they are built in blocks of about a dozen, and between each block is a gutter some two feet wide, reeking of ooze and slime, and discharging its foetid contents in the public roadway. The inside of a house is inconceivably worse than the outside; each room is about ten feet square, built of mud walls, floor and roof; often there is not a vestige of furniture in it, and here a family not only lives, but takes in lodgers to the number of ten or a dozen, till they are packed as tight as herrings in an airless, lightless den with no opening but the door.

In a *chawl* or large tenement house in Bombay, ramified with passages and crowded with rooms, there are often as many as 700 inhabitants, so that it may be imagined that to turn out such a large number for disinfecting purposes is no easy task. The inhabitants of these dungeons generally have not a rag of clothing beyond what they stand up in, and hardly a possession between them beyond a few cooking pots; they sleep on the bare floor, and their under-fed, over-fatigued, and vermin-infested bodies suck up plague germs as a sponge sucks water.



A plague-marked house, in which there were fifty-three cases and thirty-nine deaths.

The inhabitants of Bombay, like all Orientals, are, in the mass, exceedingly amenable to authority; but even such a sheep-like population as this has its disorderly individuals and classes. The most unruly class in Bombay are the Seedi boys, a race of negroes who have their own king and queen, whose authority has had to be called in request more than once in order to stop a riot; next to these the Mahommedans are the most independent in character. This particular morning plague cases had been discovered amongst the Mahommedans on Nowrojee Hill, and some trouble was expected. As a matter of fact, however, only in one case did we meet with a refractory patient.



A plague ambulance and patient at a railway station.

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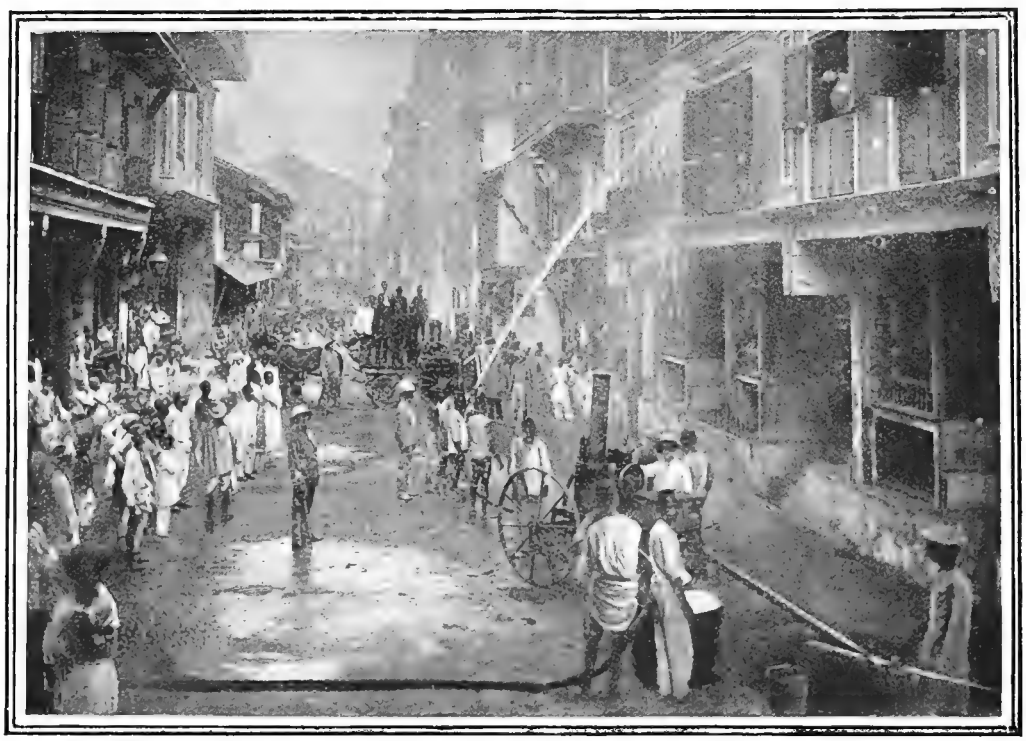
This was a Mahommedan boy with evident marks of the plague on him, who leant against a doorway with a dull, vacant look in his bloodshot eyes, eyelids and mouth half open, and refused to go to hospital with the brutish, unreasoning obstinacy of ignorance.

The two most obvious signs of the plague are this vacant look and a staggering gait. When attacked with the disease a man's legs become dissolved and nerveless, and buboes form round his armpits and groin. Most deaths from plague take the form of sudden failure of the heart's action. The district officer argued at length with the boy, pointing out that he would go to a hospital of his own class, be treated by native doctors, and visited by his relatives; when he was cured he would be given new clothes and enough money to keep him until he was strong enough to work; on the other hand if he stayed where he was he was bound to die, he would give the infection to his relatives and neighbours, and become a danger to the community. To all this the boy simply repeated a stubborn "no," and a middle-aged man, who appeared to be his father, supported him, saying that the lad did not wish to die away from his own home and his own people. If anyone or everyone else died it was *kismet*. On the other hand another member of the group, an old crone who may have been the grandmother, displayed a distinctly more liberal mind, pointing to a neighbouring house on which there were three half-circles, and all three patients had returned cured from the Sirkar's hospital. In spite of this object lesson the boy still remained obstinate, and we retired discomfited; later on, however, we met a native doctor and sent him back to try his luck, and the boy ultimately gave way to this renewed pressure.

In the meantime the ambulance is being fetched to take a Maratha cart-driver to hospital, and his immediate effects are brought out to be burnt; the cotton quilt that formed at once his bedding and the whole furniture of his room is cast into the middle of the roadway, and as it strikes the ground we are driven several yards back by the stench of putrefaction that spouts up from it, while loathsome vermin crawl out of it and wander along the highway. The refuse from this and the neighbouring plague houses is collected in a heap and burnt, while the owners are compensated for the loss. The man's daughter is given a couple of rupees, which



Cleaning and disinfecting a house with the aid of a fire-engine.

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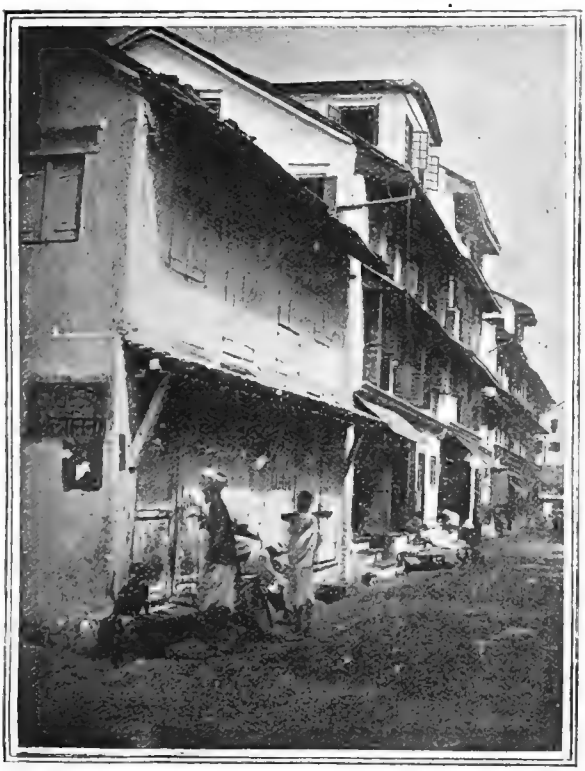

A condemned house. The letters "U.H.H." mean "Unfit for Human Habitation." The building will have to come down.

will get her a complete set of new bedding, and two rupees to keep her in food for a while. When the rubbish was burnt, all other movables were taken out of the room, walls, ceiling, and floor being stripped bare, and then the whole place was sluiced with bucketfuls of a disinfecting solution of perchloride of mercury and hydro-chloric acid, until every corner dripped with moisture. The fire-engine and hose, which were employed in General Gatacre's time, are no longer used.

After this we went on to the segregation camp at Elphinstone Bridge. This camp is used for the purpose of segregating "contacts" while their houses are being disinfected. The word segregation appears to be something of a misnomer, as, while the women sit and gossip over their cooking pots and meal-grinding, the men go out and about their work as usual. This particular camp consists of 132 rooms, built of split bamboo and bamboo matting, each measuring about 20ft. by 12ft., and designed to contain a family. The whole camp holds about 650 people at a time, and, at the time of my visit, upwards of 15,000 persons had passed through it since it was built, each "contact" remaining about ten days.

Bombay was once a collection of islands, and the central part of the Archipelago has gradually turned from an open lagoon into a swamp, and from a swamp has been filled up with rubbish and built over; but at one point this ancient swamp is confined by a concrete barrier, through which no drainage can pass, which leaves the middle part of the city a sort of immense cesspool. Until this grave sanitary defect is remedied, and light and air are let into some of its dark places, Bombay must expect to remain a death-trap and a standing menace to all other cities of the world.

The interior of a plague ward.

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REVENGE IS SWEET.

BY SADI GRANT.

CHEN LU was the butler at Headquarters House. He was a dignified and superior person. Generals came and went, but Chen Lu remained. Sometimes an unwise General's wife took upon herself to give orders, but Chen Lu altered his ways for no new inhabitant, and pursued the even tenor of his dignified course. Still, some notice must be taken of the powers that be, and Chen Lu humoured the new-fangled notions of the English "mems" in a measure, provided they stopped short of real radical change. The General's wife had fever, and asked continually for tea and toast; then her maid would ring for Chen Lu and find fault with the tea.

"My lady says you must make fresh tea," said the maid, whom Chen Lu abhorred.

Chen Lu bowed silently and carried away the tea, let it rest on the kitchen table for two minutes, then brought it up again.

"Is this quite fresh, John?" said the General's wife.

"Yes, mem, quite flesh," said the immovable Chen Lu.

So the mem was satisfied, and there was no waste of good tea. Also it pleased the General's wife to call the butler John—well, let her do so, it was a matter of indifference to Chen Lu. As a matter of fact, he liked the General's wife; she was, of course, weak-minded and foolish, as all these barbarian women, but she never failed to smile on Chen Lu every morning, and say in her vague manner, "Good morning, John."

So he took care she always had the dishes she liked best, and her favourite flowers on the table, whether they grew in the garden or not. That was a detail of no consequence to the great mind of Chen Lu. He said to the head-gardener:

"The mem wishes for pink roses, and pink roses she must have."

The head gardener saw the case at once, and what did not grow in his garden he abstracted from that of the Commissioner of Police and of the Solicitor-General without their leave.

"Had not Chen Lu said so it must be?"

The cook, San Fat, was another important member of the household, but he never dared to raise his voice in opposition to the great Chen Lu. Each morning Chen Lu laid before the General or the mem a list of things necessary to buy, or that already had been bought at the early market at dawn of day; he made the arrangements about milk and fresh rolls, and managed the details of a gram-fed mutton club. All with peace and dignity and immovable composure. Chen Lu in his way was a great man.

But there came a thorn in his side—an obstruction to the calm carrying out of the traditions of Headquarters House.

A new General had lately come out to take command, the husband of the very mem we have alluded to above. He was young and hasty, he often swore, and once hurled a boot at the inestimable head of his household. Chen Lu picked up the boot and polished it carefully before replacing it in the shining row at the side of the General's dressing-table.

"Such are the ways of these barbarians who imagine themselves equal to us," thought Chen Lu; but, with wisdom, he reserved further questions of household matters till

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the home atmosphere was less stormy. The General had but the usual hastiness of these savages of the western lands. Unfortunately, he had brought a valet with him—a European—a man who interfered in the household matters and cast reflections on the transactions of Chen Lu himself. For a time Chen Lu supported this, but not for long.

Should a red-headed devil, as this McGregor, upset the ways of a Celestial who had directed the movements of three separate Generals, and to whom the paths of foreign diplomacy were as open rivers?

Counsel must be taken with San Fat, but in Chen Lu's mind the edict had already gone forth. The climax was reached when McGregor deliberately accused Chen Lu of selling the best pieces of the gram-fed sheep for his own use and benefit. It was true, but what of that? Could these barbarians expect the services of so great a man for nothing? However, Chen Lu lied with unmatched cleverness and with such apparent honesty that the General was puzzled, and dismissed the case with a warning "not to do it again."

That evening Chen Lu invited the head cook to take a glass of wine with him in the sanctity of the plate-room. San Fat put on a clean white coat and came. They sat by the open verandah, through which came the languid scent of syringa, and looked on the bright green grass and heavy-laden fruit trees dotted about the garden, sipping the General's best champagne with gentle ease. San Fat also watched with pride the movements of a white turkey he was cherishing, with a view to selling it at a high price to the General's wife.

"It is a fair world," said Chen Lu, speaking in their native language.

San Fat assented gravely.

They sat by the open verandah, sipping the General's best champagne with gentle ease.

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"Yet does the climate of the East prove unwholesome to many of the barbarians," continued Chen Lu. "It seems to me that our honoured friend, McGregor, looks not so healthful as but a week ago."

"Ha!" grunted San Fat.

"It may be," added Chen Lu, after a thoughtful pause, "that in one short week of time he may have added his bones to his family vault, if, indeed, these savages know of aught so holy; rather may his bones broil in hell. What sayest thou, O San Fat?"

"I say naught, O Chen Lu," said San Fat humbly, "far be it from me to question thy far-reaching mind."

"Were this barbarian removed from the house, O San Fat," said Chen Lu, impatiently, "thy wages would largely increase."

San Fat started.

"What has thy servant to do with the matter, O Chen Lu?" he asked.

San Fat was a tall strongly made man from northern China, without the brains to originate a plot himself, but quite willing to join in anything that might prove advantageous to his prospects and likely to add to the store in his strong box.

"I mean this, O San Fat," said Chen Lu, lowering his voice and drawing closer to his companion, "there is in the market, thou knowest it well, a white powder that is the bringer of death to him who eats of it, and yet doth it leave no trace, and acts as only a sudden disease. This buy, and mix with the food of this thrice-cursed McGregor. So shall he die, and thou and I remain to reap the benefit."

San Fat gasped, but soon recovered his presence of mind.

"Should all take place as thou sayest, O Chen Lu," he remarked, "how know I that my reward is sure?"

"I swear it by the souls of my ancestors," said Chen Lu. "Do I fail to keep even a promise to one of my own countrymen?—How much more then shall I keep the most holy oath a Chinaman can swear."

"It is well," said San Fat, "but my wages must be raised at least 10 dollars a month, and I must have 100 dollars down ere I can enter on my task."

"So be it," said Chen Lu carelessly, and San Fat immediately regretted he had not asked double the amount.

They sat there in undisturbed serenity and finished the champagne, making an unimportant remark from time to time, but not again speaking of the real business of the evening. McGregor had gone with the General to a camp of exercise some way off, where they were to remain for the night, so the conspirators were undisturbed, as nobody else in the household would have dared to enter the sacred precincts of Chen Lu's pantry.

Two days later, the General had arranged to go to a distant part of his division in a steam yacht, taking with him Chen Lu and the cook and two others of the Chinese servants, as they were to stay in this fort for several days. In the meantime the General's wife would pay a visit to the Governor. The food arrangements were, as usual, placed entirely in Chen Lu's hands. At the appointed hour he had everything ready; large hampers were waiting on the quay by the white steam yacht; he had forgotten nothing required for the comfort of the party.

"My butler is really invaluable," said the General to his Brigade Major, who assented heartily, having profited by the excellence of Chen Lu's housekeeping on many occasions. McGregor was also there, busy looking after tin uniform cases, swords and helmets. All was ready—one by one the party all walked down the sloping boards at the side of the quay to the deck of the yacht, the General's flag was run up, the whistle blew, and the yacht moved slowly out among the crowded shipping in Hong Kong harbour. Past ships of every nation they steered — Russian gun-boats, Japanese torpedo-destroyers, British cruisers, Chinese house-boats, with the whole family of the owner swarming over the lower decks, and humble market-boats nearly flat to the water, with a little bamboo hut erection in the middle.

Once out of the crowd, the speed was increased, and they were soon tossing on the rough waves outside the harbour. The Chinamen, who were accustomed to be much on the sea, felt comfortable enough, so did the General, but his aide-de-camp got yellow and still more yellow, till he retreated below. McGregor, in one of the seamen's bunks, groaned loudly also, as he got worse and worse. The breeze freshened, the white waves curled over the white decks—there was a glorious wind that blew the hot, oppressive languors of the East back to the towering cliffs above the shore.

"It makes me feel ten years younger," said the General, as he stood, wrapped up in his mackintosh, near the wheel.

In about sixteen hours they reached the fort, rearing its rough stone walls at the entrance to a river. It was a Chinese fort that had been given over to the English, so the corners of the roof turned up instead of

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"Me no know," said Chen Lu; "got collela or someting velly bad."

down, like those you see on willow-pattern plates. Then all was busy stir, shouting and commotion. There was a detachment of the Chinese regiment here, freshly drilled by British officers, and they all turned out in the General's honour, smart and neat in their khaki uniforms.

As soon as the General had landed, Chen Lu took command of the coolies come to clear the baggage off and take it up to the fort; he abused them and kept them up to their work in a manner they would never have stood from a European. San Fat concerned his mind but little; he saw his subordinates carried the enamelled saucepans up in front of him, and that was all. Finally he walked up the hill with McGregor, outwardly the best of friends—but with the deadly white powder concealed under his jacket, and San Fat meant to administer it on the first opportunity. Personally he bore no ill-will to McGregor; but who could hesitate between a hundred dollars and the killing of a mere European? Certainly not a Chinaman, with the inherited philosophy of many thousand years.

The dinner that night was very successful; the officers of the native regiment all came to it, and only wished that such dinners came in their way oftener. Nothing had been forgotten, from Worcester sauce to powdered sugar. The General was in a capital humour and sent for Chen Lu to praise him before going to bed. Chen Lu was calm as usual; yet half an hour before he had handed McGregor the dish of stew containing the deadly powder. His work had been well done, he was tired and sleepy, and with a conscience at ease, he also went to bed and to sleep.

Next morning when the General rang for his man, Chen Lu appeared instead.

"Where's McGregor?" said the General.

"He velly ill," said Chen Lu gravely.

"Ill!" said the General sharply, "what's the matter with him? He was well enough last night."

"Me no know," said Chen Lu; "got collela or someting velly bad."

"Cholera, good Lord! What do you mean?"

"He velly bad," repeated Chen Lu.

The General hurried on some clothes and went to McGregor at once.

"My poor fellow!" he said anxiously, "whatever has given you this? Send for the doctor at once," he added to Chen Lu. McGregor was looking ghastly, doubled up with pain and black in the face.

"I'm afraid I'm done for, sir," he gasped.

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"Nonsense, nonsense," said the General cheerily, "you mustn't give up like that! Here, take some brandy directly."

The doctor hurried in in two or three minutes, and took the case in hand, but he could do very little. The symptoms were very like cholera, and he had very little hope of saving McGregor from the first. Everything possible was tried—hot bricks to his feet and body, hot drinks; Chen Lu was full of suggestions, all more or less unpracticable, and San Fat nodded his head and bemoaned the poor barbarian's untoward fate, but all to no purpose—nothing overcame the deadly shivering and the fearful pain. In a few hours poor McGregor was dead; in two or three more he was buried.

So was Chen Lu's revenge quickly and easily carried out. Thus many die in the Far East from private hate, from secret poisoning—many whose deaths are put down to disease. Chen Lu continued a faithful and trusted servant at Headquarters House, and was passed on to yet a fourth general with an excellent and unblemished character. San Fat received his 100 dollars and his increase of wages, as promised to him.

And these two worthies seldom mention their little undertaking to each other; but occasionally, when warm with some of the General's wine, and altogether in a pleasant frame of mind, happy memories recur to them, and, among these happy memories, the memory of McGregor and the richly deserved fate they doomed him to. Then Chen Lu remarks that until foreigners learn wisdom they must expect to be treated as that red-haired devil, who is doubtless now in a region where his kind are uncomfortably plentiful. And San Fat nods his head and gravely acquiesces.

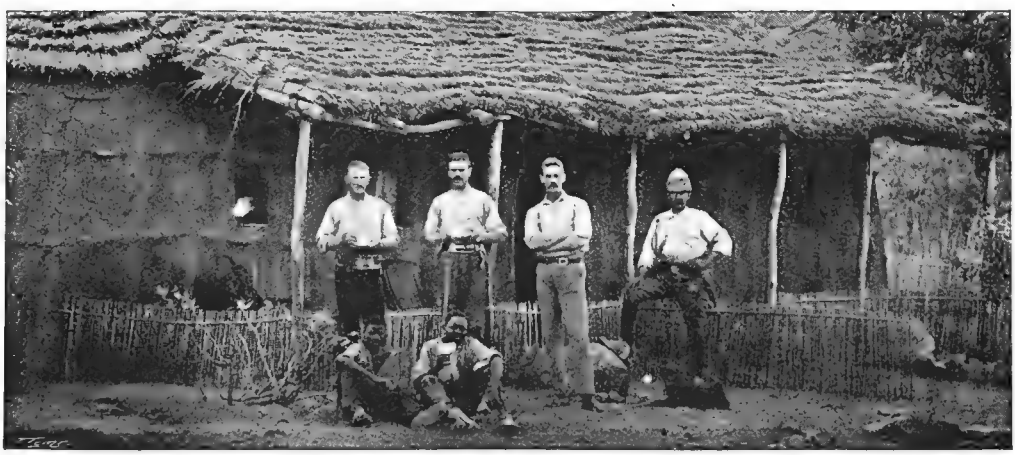
In fact, the little affair was very simple—merely the removal of a barbarian to a better land than China.

A PRINCE AT THE FRONT.

BELOW is published a very interesting photograph showing Prince Alexander of Teck as he appeared during the suppression of the Matabele Rebellion in 1896. His Serene Highness and his fellow officers roughed it like ordinary troopers, and put up with all the inconveniences common to the country. The Prince is the second figure of the group counting from the left of the picture, and the hut in the background was the headquarters of the officers of the 7th Hussars at Fort Grainger, about forty miles from Buluwayo.

In the old days royal princes who deigned to enter the army had every facility for promotion given them, and if they happened to go to the front they were specially taken care of, kept out of danger, and given every possible comfort. To-day things are different. If they want promotion they must earn it, and share the hardships and dangers of the field.

Prince Alexander has shown a very martial spirit from his boyhood upward, and at the present time he is in South Africa fighting with the British forces.



From a Photo.

The second figure counting from the left is Prince Alexander of Teck.

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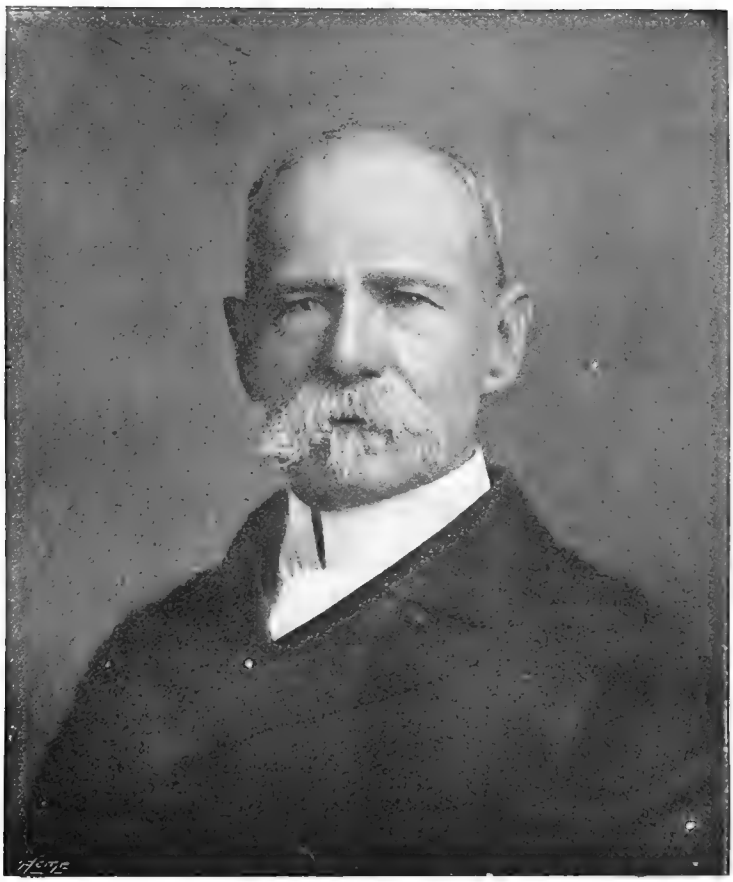

Photo by Mayall & Co. Ltd.

Lord Roberts as he appears in private life.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS.

With many hitherto unpublished photographs.

By Reginald Maingay.

As a general rule great public men, sovereigns and soldiers and statesmen, have two distinct characters—that which they show to the world at large, and that by which they are known in private life to their relatives and most familiar friends. What, after all, do we know of the private character of Gladstone, say, of the Duke of Wellington, of Bismarck, of the Czar? Biographers may tell us that they were good husbands and kind fathers; we may hear all manner of *veracious* anecdotes (O rare commodity!) concerning their home life; we may even come in contact with people who knew them intimately—and yet, in spite of all this, how vague and shadowy at best is the portrait we get of them, how little do we know of their true selves hidden away beneath the royal robes and decorated uniforms!

But the greatest soldier and most popular man of the day is emphatically not among those who, like the old Greek actors, wear a mask on the stage; we all know him as though he were a personal friend, and almost forget that he is a public man and a soldier in our enthusiasm for his fascinating character. And this is all the more singular because we have heard, after all, very little about Lord Roberts' private life, his family, and domestic circumstances. Even his auto-biography gives us an extremely

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The house of John Roberts, Lord Roberts' great-grandfather, as it now appears in Cathedral Square, Waterford. The house was formerly the Protestant Bishop's Palace, and was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Photos by Poole.

The old Franciscan Chapel at Waterford —the ancestral burial place of the Roberts family.

meagre account of him—though, indeed, this very omission is eminently characteristic of the man, significant as it is of one of the most salient qualities of both his private and public career —modesty. In the present article I shall attempt to give a sketch of Roberts behind the scenes, as it were—of Roberts in private life—and show that the character of the great soldier differs in no wise from that of the son, the husband, the friend.

There is one point upon which Lord Roberts strenuously insists, and that is that he should not be described as an Englishman —a somewhat quaint demand when we remember that it comes from the man who has served England more gloriously than any other since the death of the Duke of Wellington. No, he is an Irishman through and through, and nothing but an Irishman, and though neither a Fenian nor a Nationalist, — who, indeed, can imagine Roberts as anything but a high-priest of Imperialism?— he loves Ireland with that peculiarly tender and single-hearted devotion that makes a noble Irishman's patriotism the most beautiful sentiment in the world. Let us never forget, therefore, that Arthur Wellesley and Frederick Roberts, whose names will always be linked together as those of the two greatest

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British soldiers of the nineteenth century, were both Irishmen, and proud of the race to which they belonged.

It was in 1712 that one John Roberts came into the world, a man of distinguished talent, but more likely to be remembered by posterity for being the great-grandfather of Frederick Sleigh Roberts than for any gifts of his own. He married a lady of French extraction, Mary Susannah Sautelle, the daughter of Major Sautelle, a Huguenot, whose family had fled to England at the time of the Huguenot persecutions. This gentleman served in King William the Third's Foot Guards at the Boyne, and settled down at Waterford at the close of the seventeenth century. So we see that Lord Roberts has a dash of French blood in his veins.

Photo by Bassano.

Lord Roberts in 1880. Taken on his arrival in London, after the famous march to and relief of Kandahar.

Among our illustrations are two which give an excellent idea of John Roberts' art—one showing the interior of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Waterford, and the other that of the Protestant Cathedral there. It was in the former building that John Roberts, at the age of eighty-four, went one morning to look after his workmen at three, in place of six o'clock, and instead of returning home, sat down on a stone and fell asleep, through which he contracted a cold that ended in his death. John Roberts had three sons, two of whom became landscape painters, while the third, a clergyman, was the father of Abraham Roberts, and the grandfather of our national hero.

Concerning Abraham Roberts, a few words must be said, his career being not only remarkable in itself, but a sort of prologue to the more illustrious career of his son. At the age of seventeen, in the first year of the present century, he entered the Waterford Militia, and four years later joined the East India Company, in whose service he remained for the next fifty years—fifty years of hard work, and frequent fighting in Afghanistan and various parts of India. It was at Cawnpore, on September 30th, 1832—the same year in which his distinguished father became Lieutenant-Colonel—that Frederick Sleigh Roberts was born, his mother being the daughter of a certain Irish soldier, Major Bunbury, of County Tipperary. The Colonel and his wife lost no time in bringing their child back to Europe, and there, until 1836—Colonel Roberts having a couple of years' leave—the family remained, when the parents were forced to return to India, leaving their child to be brought up and educated in England. Such is the hard fate of the majority of Anglo-Indian children, and it was harder in those mid-years of the nineteenth century than it is to-day, an officer in the position of Colonel Roberts getting but rare opportunities of visiting his native land. Fully eight years elapsed before father and son met again, and then it was only to part, after a few months companionship, for another seven long years.

Of Lord Roberts as a child we have very meagre record. A few old people still living testify to the fact that he was by no means an extraordinary boy, either as regards his capabilities or personal appearance. Small of stature and strongly though slenderly built, eager-faced, bright-eyed, and with noticeably

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large ears, peculiarly active (which in a boy means nothing more or less than bewilderingly fidgety), quick to laugh, slow to despond—such was the hero of Kandahar when he carried a school-satchel on his back. And he loved a scrimmage—yes! he loved a scrimmage in those old days just as he loves a scrimmage to-day, and they remember well, the older inhabitants of Clifton and Carrickmacross, how the alert youngster, with a few boon companions, used to raid various "tuck shops" and squabble over the spoil. Toffee and brandy balls are delicacies which the average youth rates above caviare or truffles, and the boy Roberts was no pious exception to the rule; he took to such elegant sweetmeats with a fervour that many still recall—indeed, if report is to be trusted, the hero of to-day, the scourge of Afghanistan, the terror of South Africa, has still a sweet tooth, and though, doubtless, no longer a devotee of toffee and brandy balls, enjoys his tea with plenty of sugar, and takes very kindly to cake and sweet biscuits.

Photo by Gregory.

Lady Roberts.

Lord Roberts began his education at a dame's school in Clifton, where he remained two years, leaving it for the Grammar School in Carrickmacross, County Monaghan. Later, his people placed him under the care of a Mr. Mills at Hampton, and in 1845 he entered Eton College. The boy's career at that training ground of so many great soldiers and statesmen lasted only a year and a half; he was placed in the fourth form, and left the school in 1847 for Sandhurst. It is worth while noting that one of his most prominent contemporaries at Eton was Alfred (now Sir Alfred) Lyall, whom he met years after in India during the great Mutiny.

For young Roberts, fired doubtless by his father's exploits, had, almost since he was old enough to draw a wooden sword from its scabbard, definitely decided to adopt the military profession. To Sandhurst therefore he repaired, and, remaining there some eighteen months, took three out of the six steps required for a commission without purchase. For although the Roberts family were by no means poor, they were not sufficiently well off to indulge in such luxuries as the purchase of commissions; and Roberts, in spite of his father's position, has to thank his own wits and energy, for all his triumphs and the high position to which he has attained. At Sandhurst he won various honours, including a prize for German, and leaving the place early in 1850, entered Addiscombe, the special training-school for soldiers taking service under the East India Company. At the end of the following year he passed the final examination, and was, therefore, qualified for a commission. Finally, on the twelfth of December, 1850, he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, and started about a year later to join his father in India.

It is difficult for us, who are mostly accustomed to live with our parents from infancy upwards, to imagine the mingled feelings of young Roberts, now a lad of nineteen, when meeting his father after a separation of nearly eight years. Colonel Roberts had been appointed, at about the time of his son's arrival in India, to command a division at Peshawar, with the temporary rank of Major-General. His son, after spending some rather dreary months alone in Calcutta and Dum-Dum, was lucky enough to secure the position of aide-de-camp to his father. The Colonel was sixty-two at the time, but, like the Roberts of to-day, extraordinarily youthful and active in mind and body—the ideal companion for a high-spirited lad. "I had left him as an infant," writes Lord Roberts, "and I had no recollection of him until I was twelve years old, at which time he came home on leave. Even then I saw very little of him, as I was

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at school during the greater part of his sojourn in England; thus we met at Peshawar almost as strangers. We did not, however, long remain so; his affectionate greeting soon put an end to any feeling of shyness on my part, and the genial and kindly spirit which enabled him to enter into and sympathise with the feelings and aspirations of men younger than himself, rendered the year I spent with him at Peshawar one of the brightest and happiest of my early life."

Photo by *Press Photographic Bureau.*
Lord Roberts, as he is often seen walking in Pall Mall.

This fortunate companionship was but short-lived; his son had scarcely been twelve months with him when Colonel Roberts' health began to give way, and it was soon apparent that he would have to return to England without delay. A rather weird event, and one not likely to improve his critical condition at that time, occurred shortly before his departure. His son found him one morning in a very despondent frame of mind, and learnt that he had had an unpleasant dream—one which he had dreamt several times before, and which had always been followed by the death of a near relative. So certain was the old man that some such catastrophe was about to occur, that he put off a dance that was to have taken place at his house two days later. And sure enough, the following morning the news arrived of the sudden death of a relative at Lahore with whom the family were on very intimate terms.

A short while after this strange event, Colonel Roberts left for England, and his son, whom he had conducted up to the threshold, so to speak, of a great career, was left alone in India to travel the road to fame. His public life until the end of the Mutiny is known to all who are familiar with the events of that awful tragedy; for although Roberts was present at most of the great engagements, and notably at the siege of Delhi, although he did his duty with the courage and ardour which we are wont to associate with his name, and won the Victoria Cross, his part in the war was that of many another young officer, and calls for no detailed description here.

In 1858, nearly eight years after his arrival in India, Roberts set foot once again on English soil. It was June, the month when this country is at her best, when the fields and the trees are greenest, and the temperature delicious—and how delicious to one like Roberts who had lived eight years in the burning heats of India! "The intense delight," he writes, "of getting home after one's first term of exile can hardly be exaggerated, and certainly cannot be realised, save by those who have gone through the exile, and been separated, as I had been for years, from all that made the happiness of my early life. Every English tree and flower one comes across on first landing is a distinct and lively pleasure."

Photo by Poole.
Front view of Landscape House, Waterford, where Lady Roberts lived at the time of her marriage.

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Photo by Poole.

Newtown House, Waterford, at the present time. This was formerly called Suirville, and it was here hat Lord Roberts' father and mother lived and he himself spent his boyhood.

After visiting sundry friends and relatives in London, and making his outer man respectable, Lieutenant Roberts hastened over to Waterford, where his parents and sister lived. "I found my father well and strong for a man of seventy-four," he relates in his "Forty-one Years in India," "and to all appearance quite recovered from the effects of his fifty years of Indian service, and, to my great joy, my mother was looking almost as young, and quite as beautiful, as I had left her six years before. My little sister, too, always an invalid, was very much as when I had parted from her, full of loving kindness for everyone, and though unable to move without help, perfectly happy in the many resources she had within herself, and the good she was able to do in devoting those resources to the benefit of others."

Photo by Poole.

The back view of Newtown House.

And the man who can write with such beauty and tenderness of his home and

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people, the man who is brave as a lion on the battlefield and bears a V.C. on his breast—is it a wonder that he has become the hero of a great nation, the type and model of a gentleman? But he was never very imposing to look at—less even in those days than at the present time. A little, tight-set figure, wiry and alert; a plain face with bright, kindly eyes and clean-shaven, except for a moustache (the whiskers had not yet made their appearance); a manner quick, vivid, and full of gesture; a general appearance so neat and trim as to be almost dandified—such was the Roberts of 1859, the Roberts who won the heart of a charming Irish girl, Nora Bews, who was destined henceforward to share with him all his future joys and sorrows. This young lady lived with her married sister in Waterford, not far from Roberts' home. Looking at her house, of which we give a photograph, it is strange to think how often the young lieutenant loitered outside those iron gates and lifted adoring eyes to the windows! The marriage was celebrated on the 17th of May, 1859, in the parish church at Waterford, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Roberts left Ireland to spend their honeymoon among the lakes and mountains of Scotland.

From a Photo taken in India.

Lord and Lady Roberts, with the late Lieut. Roberts and one of the Misses Roberts.

During his holidays Roberts' chief delight has, I think, always been hunting. A remarkably daring and skilful rider, no man enjoys more than he the rough and healthy excitement of a fox-hunt. And his love of horses—not the least charming trait in his character, for it is totally different from that of the ordinary devotee of horseflesh—leads him to take a keen interest in field sports and horse-racing, although he never bets. Of late years he has become an enthusiastic and expert cyclist, and has often been seen careering along the Waterford roads in company with his daughters.

Towards the end of 1859 Roberts was back again in India, and how different was the life there with his wife as companion he is never tired of telling us. For Lady Roberts is one of those women, now, alas, rarely to be found, who make marriage the most beautiful thing in the world, a woman who has no thought apart from her husband, who not only sympathises with all his hopes and ambitions, but helps him in his work, and comforts him in his sorrow. A few months after her arrival in India the war in China broke out, and Roberts, practically certain of being sent to the front, was bitterly disappointed when it transpired that he was after all to remain behind. "I think I have earned your gratitude," said Lord Clyde to Mrs. Roberts, "if I have not managed to satisfy everyone by these Chinese appointments." Mrs. Roberts asked for what she was expected to be grateful. "Why, for not sending your husband, of course. I suppose you would rather not be left in a foreign country alone a few months after your marriage. If Roberts had not been a newly-married man, I would have sent him." This

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was too much for Mrs. Roberts. "I am afraid," she retorted, "I cannot be very grateful to you for making my husband feel I am ruining his career by standing in the way of his being sent on service. You have done your best to make him regret his marriage!" "Well, I'm hanged if I understand you women!" burst out the astonished chief. "I have done the very thing I thought you would like, and have only succeeded in making you angry. I'll never try to help a woman again!" This anecdote says much more for Lady Roberts' character than any description of mine.

The Hon. Aileen Roberts.

The Hon. Edwina Roberts.

Photos by Chancellor.

The late Lieut. the Hon. F. N. S. Roberts, V.C.

Lord Roberts has had six children, but to-day only two are living, and the graves of the remaining four are to be found in India, in the Red Sea, and among the mountains of Natal. The great soldier's affection for the young has always been one of his marked characteristics, and after the death of his gallant son, it has become almost a passion. His replies from South Africa to the quaint communications of various little boys and girls have in many instances been chronicled in the newspapers, while that charming scene at Pretoria, when his orderly found him engaged in teaching a child to write, is likely to go down to future generations as one of the prettiest events of a deplorable war.

The many heavy sorrows of his life, together with the innumerable perils to which he has been exposed, are doubtless accountable for that deep sentiment of religion which is one of the most marked traits in Roberts' character. His Christianity is not the complex and slightly mystic Christianity of Gordon; it is the simple faith of a nature essentially simple, the Christianity of the average man, only more deeply felt and more strenuously observed. And yet, says Mr. Julian Ralph, who was with him in South Africa, "he never parades his piety, never forces it upon those around him. Not a word has he ever spoken to his staff suggesting or ordering their presence—yet he is certain to attend the weekly service — an example to the Army so modestly and persistently presented that it cannot help but be powerful. When he took the sacrament at Driesfontein in the face, one might say, of the whole Army, it was without a hint of parading his religion. All saw in it an act of simple faith."

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It was at Simla, in 1861, that Roberts' first child, a girl, was born, and died a few weeks after its birth. In his autobiography little is said about this bereavement, but we know that it nearly killed his wife, and that it added years to his own life. In the spring of 1865 Captain Roberts (he had been promoted in 1861) and his wife returned to England and stayed there until the following March. Old General Roberts, with that wonderful vitality which distinguished the family, travelled up to London, with wife and daughter, to meet his son, and it was chiefly in London that the party remained until Captain Roberts returned to India, leaving his wife behind, to follow him in the autumn.

The part Roberts played in the Abyssinian Expedition was hardly one after his taste, consisting, as it did, mainly of superintending the disembarkation of troops and stores. Returning to Britain at the close of the war, he stayed a few months in Clifton, and at the beginning of 1869 was ordered back to India. It was a sad voyage. "Having said good-bye to those dear to us, two of whom I was never to see again, my wife and I, with a baby girl, who was born the previous July, embarked at Portsmouth. It blew a gale the whole way to Alexandria. We were all horribly ill, and our child caught a fatal cold. Everything possible

Photo by Poole.

The interior of the Protestant Cathedral, Waterford, before the recent alterations. This was designed and built by John Roberts, Lord Roberts' great-grandfather.

Photo by Poole.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral, Waterford, also designed by John Roberts. It was in the work of erecting this building that the architect caught the cold which ended in his death.

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Photo by Poole

St. Patrick's Protestant Church, Waterford, where Lord and Lady Roberts were married.

was done for our comfort by our kind captain; but, alas! our beautiful little girl never recovered, and we had the terrible grief of losing her soon after we passed Aden. She was buried at sea." It is thus that Lord Roberts tells of the second great bereavement of his life. A year later a third child was born, and died at Simla a few months after its birth.

The next twelve years were the most eventful in Roberts' career, including as they did the Looshai Expedition, when he commanded a brigade, and the Afghan wars of 1878 and 1880. It is worthy of note that the last communication he received, from the outside world, before starting on that grim and glorious march from Kabul to Kandahar, was a telegram from his wife. When the war broke out, she and the three children that had been born during the last ten years, had returned to England, and her message was wired from a little village in Somersetshire, congratulating him and the force, and wishing them all God-speed.

Roberts' wide-spread and extraordinary popularity with the English people—he was always popular with the army—dates, one may say, from his return to England after those brilliant exploits in Afghanistan. But popularity for great deeds accomplished is but a lesser half of the sentiment we entertain for "little Bobs"; our personal affection for the man himself is something very different, something far deeper and more enduring. Now the English do not give away their hearts with the charming ease and *abandon* of a certain delightful people across the Channel, nor do they give them to a man or woman whose fascinations are merely on the outside showily attractive; his must, indeed, be a beautiful and sterling soul who shall draw to himself our somewhat chary and undemonstrative affections.

What, then, are the qualities in Roberts' character that have so wonderfully succeeded in capturing our affections? In many ways he is not the usual type of a national favourite, being somewhat reserved in temperament and almost wholly without that jovial good humour which we, as a nation, appreciate above all things; he never jokes, and a smile is rarely seen on his face. What

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makes up for his attractiveness is, above all, the unfeigned and eager sympathy he extends to all manner of people, and that perfect sincerity which makes a word of praise from his lips infinitely more gratifying than a eulogy from another man. And then his unfailing kindness, his modesty, his abhorrence of self-advertisement, his generosity and tact — all these combine to make up Roberts' wonderful fascination, and endear him to officers and soldiers and all classes of civilians. But especially have they endeared him to those who have been privileged with his friendship — a fortunate few, for Roberts has many acquaintances but few friends, as I understand the term. But these few can tell us how rare and precious a friend they possess in the little soldier—one who never fails in any emergency, and remains staunch and true, no matter what the years may bring.

Photo by Poole.

A unique portrait; for Lord Roberts is habitually grave and seldom smiles.

Until he took command of the British armies in the Transvaal, the Burmese war and his nomination as the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian forces were the main events of Lord Roberts' life. At home his children were growing apace, and his son, in whom all his pride and affection centred, and whom he had destined from earliest infancy to follow in his own footsteps, showed, immediately he entered the army, those soldierly qualities which so distinguished his father's early career. The lad's glorious death at the battle of Colenso cut short all too soon what promised to be a brilliant career, and to Lord Roberts the death of his son was the most terrible loss of a life full of loss and trouble. "Nothing that can ever happen will make the same man of him again," said his wife, and yet, at his country's call, how promptly did the old warrior put aside his private grief, buckle on his sword, rally his men, and lead them on from victory to victory! His wife and his daughters are all he has left to him now, and in these the affection of his singularly warm nature is centred. No, these are not quite all that remain to cheer his declining days; for glory and honour, such as few men have ever possessed, are his, little as he may value them—glory and honour, and what is immeasurably better worth having: the deep, unchanging love of the great people he has served for over fifty years with so single-hearted and unswerving a devotion.

Photo by Poole.

Waterford, the home of the Roberts, showing the positions of the buildings connected with the family history.

1. Newtown House. 2. The old Franciscan Chapel, the Roberts' family burial-place. 3. The Protestant Cathedral. 4. Landscape House. 5. St. Patrick's Church. 6. The Roman Catholic Cathedral.

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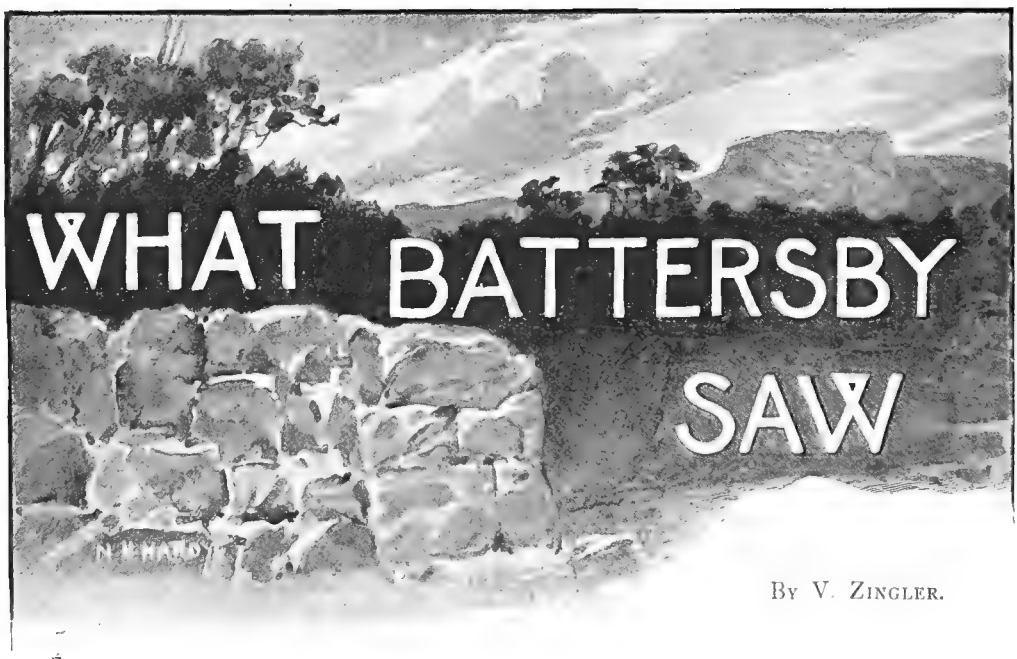

By V. Zingler.

It was a lucky thing for Battersby, District Magistrate and Captain of Mashonaland Police, that he was in a good humour when he came across 'Nkusi—so it was for 'Nkusi.

It is true that the manner of the introduction was not favourable to 'Nkusi, who had been caught redhanded in the attempt to flatten out a native; and if it had not been that the Captain had just dined well and was in want of a servant at the time, 'Nkusi would have knobkerried no more natives for the rest of his life. But then the Captain would very soon have followed 'Nkusi, and that is why he was lucky in the humour and the time.

'Nkusi was no Mashona, not he. "Lying, thieves, Baas," he told Battersby, "and sons of snakes, who eat caterpillars and dirt; old women who always die of old age, because they fear to kill each other. Yes, they fear everything—each other, men and devils." Which showed that 'Nkusi had a sense of humour in expressing the contempt which all Zulu races have for the Mashonas. For 'Nkusi was a Zulu, a great, black, brawny savage from the Natalian border, who had wandered to the new gold mines to pick up a living—and anything else he could lay hands on. Not that a Zulu has much call to jeer at the superstitions of others, being greatly inclined that way himself. But then 'Nkusi had mixed a lot with white men, and his racial respect for devils had become a slumbering thing, for he had never seen a devil, nor had he ever met any man who had.

But all that has now altered, for if he has not seen one, he knows that they exist, and so does Battersby, and so most likely does poor Clements the surveyor—but of that we are not quite sure.

Battersby's business it was, with the few troopers who constituted his command, to keep in check the occasional exuberance of the ne'er-do-wells from home as an example to the black labour at the mines; to hold that labour in its proper location with special care as to the sale of liquors and stealing; to prevent or punish raids in the district on the part of tribes coveting the cattle of others; and to uphold generally the majesty of the law, and to mete out condign punishment to those who offended. The exception was 'Nkusi, who was given another chance, of which he took full advantage, for he proved an excellent servant to the Captain—submitting to the other's bullying with a good grace, and receiving volleys of abuse with a broad grin across his shiny black-brown countenance. For he knew well that while he remained with the Captain it would not be necessary for him to steal, murder—or swing.

To Battersby's corrugated iron house (that abomination of South Africa) would come at

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times Clements, the surveyor, and sit on the stoep with him and drink whiskey, and talk far into the night about the large ruins of the neighbourhood, weaving theories as to their origin, and the race of people who built them, describing observations made on them in the course of his surveys, and planning fresh visits to confirm remarkable geometrical results arrived at from previous measurements.

Battersby would listen in a half interested manner, understanding nothing about the scientific character of the ruins or their astronomical aspect, but giving ready ear to the opinions of Clements as to the probable identity of the builders, the work they pursued, and their religion.

But what interested him more than anything was the fact that the Mashonas had an abject fear of the ruins, declaring them to be inhabited by devils and what not, and refusing at any price to go near them. The Captain was adventurous; he longed for an opportunity to investigate the cause of this belief, for cause, he said, there must be for such a universal dread of the place. Clements laughed; Clements, the hard scientific man, with no belief in spirits or the supernatural. "Everything is natural," he would say, "and can be explained as phenomena of nature; to talk of things as supernatural means only that we do not understand them."

"Well, then, how would you explain the horror the natives have for the place?" asked Battersby.

Clements considered. "It is very hard to account for the workings of the native mind," he said, but the ruins *are* uncanny. They cover a large area, and are thickly overgrown with creepers and trees. No doubt these occasionally loosen some masonry, causing it to fall, and the sound would be attributed to unseen hands. Or there may be other causes easy of explanation by natural law."

"I don't say I exactly believe they are ghosts."

"But you would like to," laughed Clements.

The Captain ignored the jest. "I think there must be some mystery which your calculations have not fathomed, and which I should like to investigate," he said. "Possibly the habits of the dead race might give us some clue. Did you not say that the ruins are situated on gold-bearing rock, and that there are traces of workings?"

"That is quite true," replied Clements; "the workers, as I have told you, were probably Phœnician colonists. They worshipped the sun and Astarte, whose sacred bird, the hawk, you will find hewn out of stone all over the ruins. The outer walls are ornamented with a herringbone pattern where the rays of the sun would strike them at the commencement of the spring solstice, and——"

"Yes, yes, cut all that," interrupted the Captain.

"And on such an occasion they probably had a great festival and a sacrifice," continued Clements, ignoring the other's rudeness, "as you will find a sacrificial stone just behind this part of the wall."

Battersby pricked up his ears.

"I don't say I exactly believe they are ghosts."

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"When does the next spring what-you-may-call-it commence?" he asked.

"The next spring solstice," said Clements, consulting a small book, "is due three days hence."

Battersby pondered a long time. Once or twice he opened his lips to speak, but appeared to hesitate. At last he ventured: "Do you think it possible," he said, slowly, weighing his words, "that these ancient people were mostly exterminated at the time of the great Zulu trek from the North some hundreds of years ago?"

"I think it highly probable," assented the other.

"And that a few fled to the underground workings, where their descendants have remained to this day, only appearing at night to get supplies? May they not have excavated quite a vast place in there, and would this not account for the natives' behaviour?"

Clements started; then he laughed uneasily, and said: "That is a very far-fetched idea of yours."

"Nevertheless, I can see by your manner that it has struck you as not unworthy of consideration," said Battersby, watching the other closely.

"On the contrary, the theory is most improbable."

"Improbable, but not impossible. You must remember that it is not a new thing for people to dwell in caves or under the ground."

"Quite so, but how could they maintain themselves there without being known to the inhabitants of the country," argued Clements.

"That is just my point; you have yourself shown that they were a race highly skilled in architectural knowledge, and probably in occultism also. Such a people could not only extend the shafts and galleries they had driven into the rock and burrow out extensive habitations, but," continued Battersby, warming to the subject, "the very condition of the people of the country, the foolish Mashonas, would enable them by their practice of the occult to so play upon the superstition of these savages as to make their retreat secure from all interference."

Clements pondered a while, then his scientific mind came uppermost. "If as you say, they have excavated so extensively, where have they put the earth which they dug out?"

Battersby laughed. "Why, you have yourself told me that the whole of the space inside the walls is thick with vegetation growing in a soil some feet deep, and that this soil would have to be removed to get to the paving of the courts. Where else could this soil come from than below ground? The whole thing unravels itself as easily as a ball of string."

"Another question," said Clements. "How do you think they could keep down the population within the limits of their underground dwellings?"

"What would you and I do if, for fear of being killed if we showed ourselves outside, we were confined in a space only large enough for one of us? One of us would kill the other. Your sacrificial stones answer the question."

"I can see that nothing will put this absurd idea out of your head except actual investigation and proof," said Clements. "You find it very easy to adapt existing facts to bolster up your theory, but I can assure you I could do the same for any other theory. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Listen," said Battersby. "This is my suggestion. If these people really do exist, of which I have no doubt, they are more likely to show themselves at the time of the festival which their ancestors held than at any other time—namely, three days hence. Their religion has undoubtedly been handed down, and if we can only manage to see them on this occasion, it would be unnecessary to resort to blasting operations and possible loss of life. I therefore propose to keep watch in the ruins overnight and see the sun rise on the eventful day. I hope you will come with me. I shall take 'Nkusi."

Clements laughed. "I will come with you to see that you don't get snake-bitten or mauled by some wild animal or that you don't drink so much whiskey that visions will be conjured up. But 'Nkusi won't go."

The Captain ignored the other's sarcasms, and in reply to his last assertion clapped his hands and called out, "'Nkusi! come here, you lazy son of a rhinoceros, you black dog! Where are you?"

'Nkusi quickly presented himself, enveloped in a blanket, and squatted down on his haunches before the men, after the manner of his race.

"What do you know of the great ruined kraal near here, 'Nkusi?" questioned the Captain.

"Baas, I have never been there and I do not care to go," the Zulu answered. "Men say the kraal is bewitched and full of devils."

"Nevertheless, I am going, and Baas Clements is going, and you are coming with us; and we shall watch there during the night."

The Zulu's frame quivered slightly, but he

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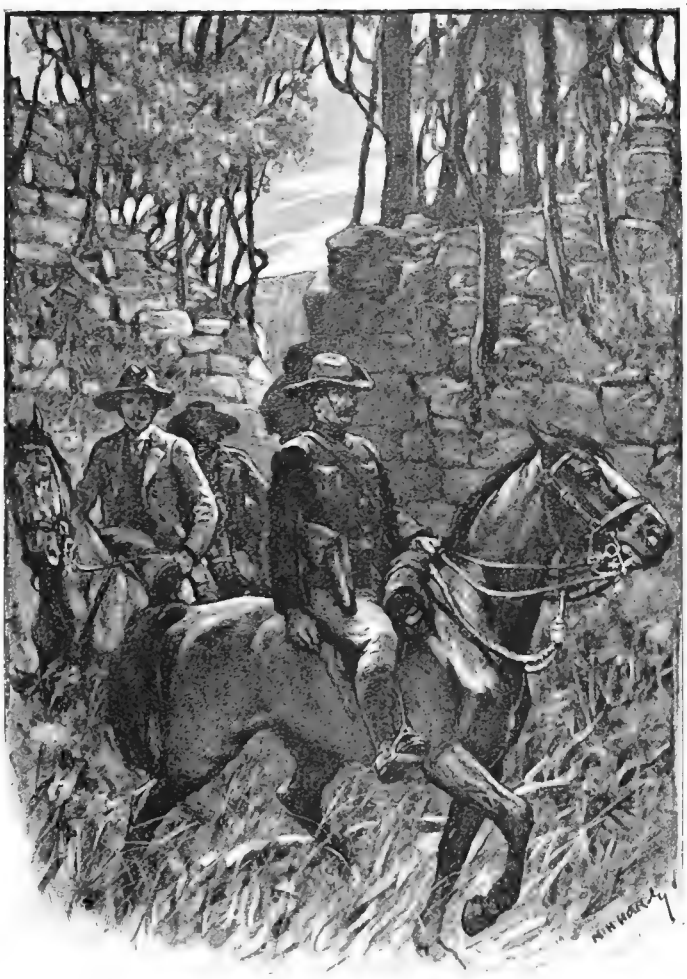
said, "I am the Baas's servant, and go where he goes."

And thus it came to pass that preparations were made for a tragedy: for a vigil which three kept and from which two returned, only one of these being sane—a vigil for the demonstration of things which are better left alone.

Early on the morning before the eventful day the party of three started for their journey, which took them the greater part of twelve hours. The two white men rode on their horses, the Zulu on a pony. The Captain was full of enthusiasm and excitement; the Surveyor depressed and unhappy of mind; the Zulu with a strange feeling of trepidation in his lower regions which was new to him, but which we all know. Why Clements was unhappy he could not say; he thought the expedition foolish, but he had a foreboding of disaster, which he nevertheless kept to himself.



The party arrived at the ruins late in the afternoon.

The party arrived at the ruins late in the afternoon. All was still as death round about this home of a forgotten people; even the birds and small animals seemed to have forsaken the place. Vegetation and walls, walls and vegetation, combined to form a desolate resting place for the eye and a monotonous emptiness for the ear. And, withal, there was, between these high walls and rank weeds, this silence and desolation, a sense of weirdness and mystery which could not but have its influence on the waking mind.

As the travellers dismounted and tethered their horses just outside the walls, the sun was throwing its last rays in a lurid glow over the crumbling masonry, lighting the tops of the walls with tips of fire, and casting long dark shadows over the courts within.

It was not long before Clements, the surveyor, who had explored the ruins before, had found a place where the party could, with comparative ease, clamber over the outer wall, which completely surrounded the many courts and holy places within. And so by dint of a little exertion the men and their few supplies were soon on the top of the wall, which was several feet thick; and by the aid of creepers growing between the stones they let themselves down on the other side.

Now that they had come so far and were feeling tired and hungry, the party presented an appearance of irresolution. 'Nkusi, looking ill at ease, squatted on his haunches waiting for orders; the Captain, with some of his enthusiasm damped by the tiresome journey and the gloomy surroundings, peered about him undecided where to go or what to

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do next. Clements felt annoyed at the object which had brought him to the place, but he compensated this thought with the solace that next day he would make some further discoveries. And in this he was justified.

"What is the next move in this tom-fool business?" he asked of Battersby ill-temperedly. "Yours was the conception, and I am looking to you for guidance."

This stung Battersby into action. "Never you mind about the nature of the business," he said, "I hold myself alone responsible for the result of this expedition. The first thing is to settle where we are going to pass the night, and my idea is to find the temple behind the part of the wall which you mentioned, and to encamp there. I look to you to find the place. The next thing is to get something to eat."

"Oh, I can show you the place," grumbled the surveyor. "And I suppose it will do as well as any other to sit up all night and get fever in."

The Captain snorted. Clements led the way, and after much groping through the thickening twilight, tumbling over stones and cutting away of creepers, the travellers found themselves in an elliptical chamber fairly clear of vegetation, with a high stone at one end and a long flat stone at the other.

"This is the chief temple," said Clements. "That stone was the altar and the other the sacrificial stone. They are the two foci of the ellipse, and——"

"Hang your geometry, man," roared the Captain, "I want something to eat. 'Nkusi, unstrap the blankets and prepare supper."

They had only brought cold provisions, as it had not been thought advisable by the Captain to light a fire, but nevertheless, after the inner man had been fortified, Clements had recovered from his gloominess, and the Captain had had his enthusiasm restored.

Afterwards he lit a dark lantern and went round the enclosure with the Surveyor, examining the place. Besides the entrance by which they had come in, there was another opening on the opposite side, but heavily choked with thorns and creepers. Having thus satisfied himself that there was only one feasible entrance, the Captain made dispositions for the night.

It was arranged that for the first part of the night—that is till midnight—the Surveyor should remain awake; after that the Captain should watch till dawn, this being the period during which he apprehended that, if his theory were correct, he would see whatever there was to be seen. As for 'Nkusi, he could do what he liked, Battersby said, as long as he did not make any noise. Whereat

He beckoned to Battersby.

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the Zulu said there was no sleep for him that night; the truth being that, what with his state of nervousness and his desire to protect the Captain from any possible danger, he could not have slept if he would. And so he retired to a snug corner behind the altar stone, where he wrapped his blanket around him and watched; and of all the three he was the only one who saw everything that night. The other two having cast about for a comfortable place for a shakedown, decided that the sacrificial stone—owing to one end being slightly raised—presented the most convenient solution of their difficulty. Having covered it with a quantity of dried ferns, the rugs were spread upon it, and the Captain, after examining the revolvers, lay down to sleep. Clements made himself a seat where he could lean against the wall, and gave himself up to meditations of a geometrical and astronomical nature concerning the place wherein he now found himself.

The night was dark but for the stars, and the silence was only broken by the heavy breathing of Battersby.

When it was midnight as near as he could guess by the stars, Clements roused the Captain, and, taking his place, was quickly asleep, being little troubled at any prospect of visions or appearances—ghostly or otherwise.

And Battersby and 'Nkusi watched long, until the air became raw and darkness began to give place to the grey which precedes the dawn. Cold shivers ran through the ruins and faint rustlings became audible as the trees quivered in the stillness. And then, whilst they watched and listened, a movement was perceptible in the thorns and creepers which blocked one of the entrances.

In the opening, there stood a strange figure—that of a man. His head was shaved and his feet were bare, but the rest of his body was covered with a long flowing yellow robe. He beckoned to Battersby, and Battersby got up and went. But not before he had seen the Zulu, his face livid, transfixed with terror to where he squatted. Battersby did not want to go, but there was that in the intruder's eyes which suggested that Battersby could not stop if he would, and so he went. The man took his hand, and together they descended the shaft, which, rough under foot at first, gradually became easier to travel as an ever-increasing diffused light illuminated their path.

Finally the passage opened out into a vast cavern resplendent with the rays of hundreds of small bluish lights on the walls—a cavern whose roof was hidden by thin clouds of blue smoke. Here were assembled hundreds of people, and the hum of their voices sounded like the roar of breakers on a distant coast They were all dressed in a similar manner to Battersby's guide, but in white, and he saw that they looked expectantly in one direction —namely, towards the end of the cavern opposite to where he had entered. Following the direction of their gaze, Battersby saw long vistas of columns which appeared to support the cavern, and in the hazy distance, where the columns almost lost themselves in the light and smoke, loomed the upright figure of a huge idol—a woman, undraped and cruel of countenance. And before the idol was *something* struggling—but this he could not quite distinguish.

All these things flashed across his senses as he entered the cavern, but up till now his guide had been silent, nor had Battersby felt inclined to do more than follow. And now the guide said something in a tongue he did not understand, and all the people turned and made way for the two as they went down the centre of the cavern. And then the words of Clements recurred to Battersby, and he knew whom he was amongst, and that his own theory had been correct. These people —Semitic without doubt; his guide in yellow —a priest; the figure at the end—Astarte, or Ashtaroth. And that struggling *thing* at the end—he was able to see better as they advanced. It was on a stone, bound down by arms and legs. The body was twisting and writhing—a woman. God! it was a human sacrifice.

And now a buzz went through the cavern, and the priests began a monotonous chant; at the same time the poor victim on the stone redoubled her struggles. Following the gaze of those around him, Battersby saw that a spot of white light had appeared on one side of the stone base of the idol; it was imperceptibly travelling along and would eventually reach the stone.

Then something told Battersby what was occurring. This spot was a reflection of the sun as it appeared on the herringbone pattern of the Eastern wall—projected down here by some devilry; and when it reached the centre —what then?

He was suddenly startled from a lethargy which the scent, the droning, the light, and perhaps the exhaustion of suspense had induced, by the crash of uncouth instruments. The whole assembly gave voice to one cry in unison; the spot of light was on the victim, and the moment had come. Before he knew what was happening, his guide had drawn

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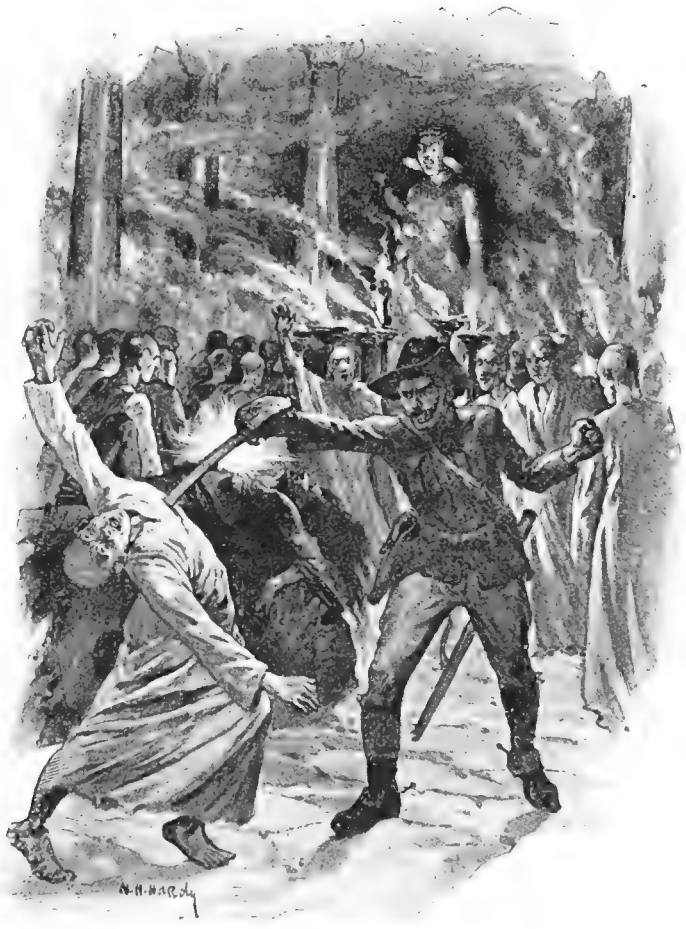

He ran the priest through.

the trooper's sword which hung at Battersby's side, and placed it in his hand with a word and a gesture which could only mean "thrust, kill." Simultaneously the multitude raised the cry again—a cry which ended in a long drawn wail. Battersby shook his head; he was not going to perpetrate this crime. Again the priest made the gesture, and again the people cried; and now Battersby felt once more that a powerful will was beating down his resistance, that if he did not strive against it he would have to do that deed from which his whole being revolted.

Quick as thought the inspiration came: *destroy the source of this power which is holding you in bondage, and you will be free.*

He made one supreme mental effort, one superhuman struggle which restored to him voice and action, and, with a cry, he ran the priest through with his sword so that he fell dead, and then he turned and faced the people. But in the pandemonium which immediately followed he was overpowered, seized from behind, and, although he fought and struggled and cursed, he was forced to the ground where he fell heavily—he was choking, some weight was on him, and then all was black.

* * *

When he awoke, 'Nkusi was still holding him down. He felt weak and ill; something was clutching his brain, but he had his faculties.

"Let me get up, you black demon!" he exclaimed, and the other released his hold. "What has happened?" asked the Captain as he slowly raised himself. The Zulu quickly changed his position, but he was too late. Battersby had seen what the other sought to hide; he fell back with a cry of "Oh, God," and his brain snapped.

With infinite effort 'Nkusi brought him home, and for weeks he lay between life and death, racked with brain fever, and always crying out that it was the priest he had killed — the priest — the priest. And none understood the meaning of his ravings; but 'Nkusi thought he knew, although they laughed at him.

"I watched always," he had said at the inquiry, "but at dawn the Baas fell asleep. He made great noise with talk and cries, and then he got up and stabbed Baas Clements with his sword, and the sword remained in the body, and the Baas saw it when he woke. The devils made him do it."

But the others called it sleep-walking, consequent on an attack of fever and a disordered brain—and they also said there was not sufficient evidence to hang the Zulu, or to let Battersby get well and hang him also.

They sent a patrol to the ruins to bring back the body, but the curious thing was that they only found the sword; body there was none. "It must have been taken away by wild animals," they said.

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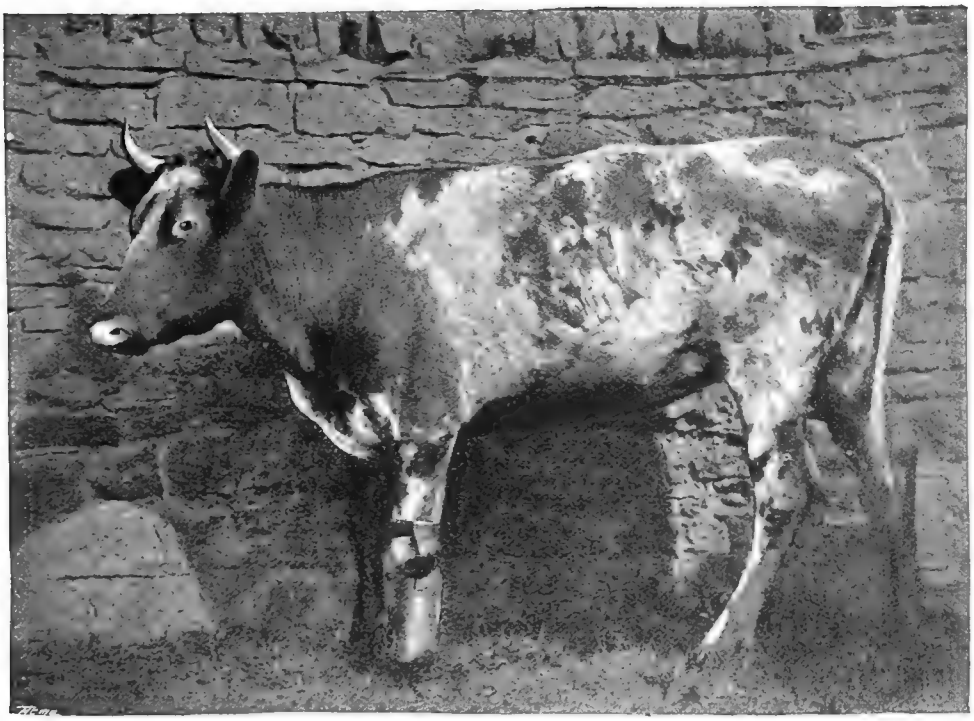

Photo by M. J. J. Shufflebotham

A cow with a wooden leg. It lived in this condition for several years.

FOUR-FOOTED PATIENTS AND THEIR DOCTORS.

By Athol Maude and E. Maude Baker.

It is a pretty fable that tells of the lion's gratitude when Androcles extracted a thorn from his foot. No doubt, at that time of primitive surgery, the lion thought it a marvellous operation. But what would he think of living in modern times, when a suffering animal is welcomed and made comfortable in a hospital as well-fitted as is any similar institution for the housing of ailing men.

This description applies to the Royal Veterinary College of London; it is a hospital for animals, pure and simple, a hospital that resembles its prototype for human beings so closely as to be almost absurd. Between the hours of nine and eleven in the morning you will find the "out-patients" (animals belonging to people who cannot afford to pay for the treatment of their pets) waiting in a large courtyard, accompanied by their owners. The mere masters have only a hard form to sit on; the pampered patients lie upon thick, clean straw in the centre of the yard. Busy "vets," in long blue overalls, dart here and there, examining the dogs, cats, or whatever may come to hand.

A little Skye terrier, with pathetic black eyes peering through an entanglement of hair and straw, sobs as though his last hour has come. "How old is he?" asks the vet. "How long has he been like this?" and a dozen more questions of a like nature. The answers are carefully jotted down and considered; the dog is examined, a diagnosis mentally drawn up, and a verdict given. "Plain distemper—do so and so—give him this medicine and he will be as fit as a fiddle in a day or two," with which directions the vet. writes out a prescription upon the dog's own card, and the happy owner picks him up and trudges off to the dispensary to get the mixture made up.

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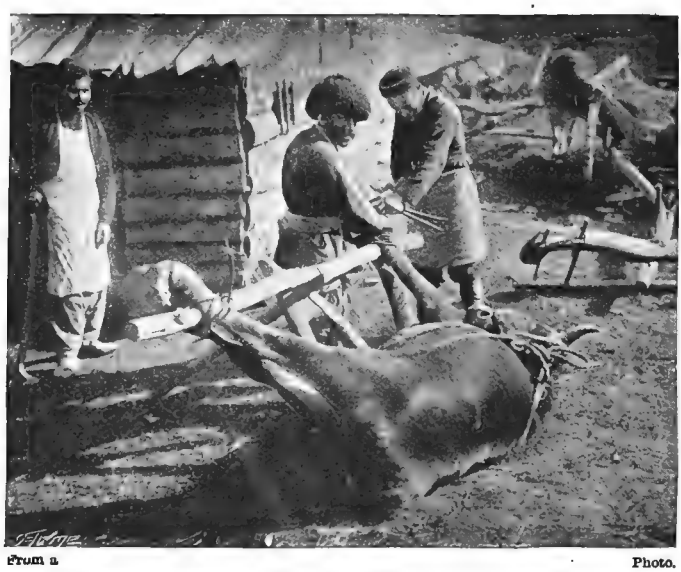

From a Photo.

How the Russian peasants truss up their cattle when an operation upon the hooves is necessary.

Case number two is more serious. So the patient is carried to a near-by table, where Professor Hobday or his assistant, Mr. Woolridge, make a careful survey of the case, explaining point after point to a party of students, who stand around, note-books in hand. Technical terms are showered upon the poor beast, who seems to glory in the seriousness of his malady. He yields to the surgeon's touch and rolls this way and that in order that he may be the more easily examined. No, there is no help for it, he must be operated upon, and with that he is hurried away to await a more opportune moment.

Thus patient after patient is brought up before the powers that be; and if you ask me which is the more anxious, the master or the beast, I should, without hesitation, say the master, though I certainly think that in most cases the beast knows just as much of what is happening as does the master. Even Professor Hobday thinks the same; in proof of which he said that, to his certain knowledge, two dogs—at separate times, of course—had returned alone to the out-patients' department of the College at intervals of about six months after they had received their first treatment. One of these dogs had been operated upon for a severe internal injury, and, after a lapse of several months, having probably felt a pain in the old spot, he thought he would drop in and see his doctor. The sapient beast again underwent an operation, and, upon recovery, promptly trotted off home rejoicing.

From Photos.

Two views of a false leg which was made for a dog. It is worn as shown in the opposite picture, and cost no less than £11.

By about eleven o'clock in the morning the out-patients of the Veterinary College have all been accounted for—some to undergo a course of nursing and medicine, others, forlorn and dejected, to await the operator's hand. The former go home; the latter snuggle deep into the straw until

From a Photo.

A dog wearing a false leg.

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their turn arrives. Now comes the most anxious time of the day; but, by the use of a judicious system, this anxiety is reduced to the question whether it will be possible to perform the seemingly innumerable cases in time. Three or four surgeons are all at work at once in various different apartments labelled "Operating Rooms."

These rooms are by no means so repulsive as their name implies. Everything is scrupulously clean—so clean, indeed, as almost to resemble a model dairy. The floors bear evidence of frequent scrubbings; the tables and fittings are polished to a dazzling brightness; the instruments are invariably boiled in an antiseptic solution for at least a half hour before they are used; so that really the animal can have no possible objection to being laid upon the table, which stands beneath the full light of a window.

From Photos.

Extracting a dog's teeth.

Slip bandage to prevent a dog biting during an operation.

The anæsthetist gently places a small bag over the nose of the dog (or whatever other animal it may be) and sprays the chloroform into it. Gradually the patient becomes insensible, and is strapped in the desired position ready for work. There is a snip here and a snip there—the sponge working busily the while—and before you really know quite what has occurred, the wound is closed and sewn up, and the dog is out in the open court-yard, breathing in air and consciousness. In half an hour the whole thing is over.

It is absorbingly interesting to go the round of this animal hospital—a perfect maze of stabling and infirmaries, class rooms, and laboratories. You pass an old cart horse, the drollery of whose position makes you laugh aloud, despite the hurt limb you know he *must* have. He sits, if you please—absolutely sits—like a circus horse in front of his manger. True, he is prevented from lying down by the broad band which suspends him to the ceiling. But

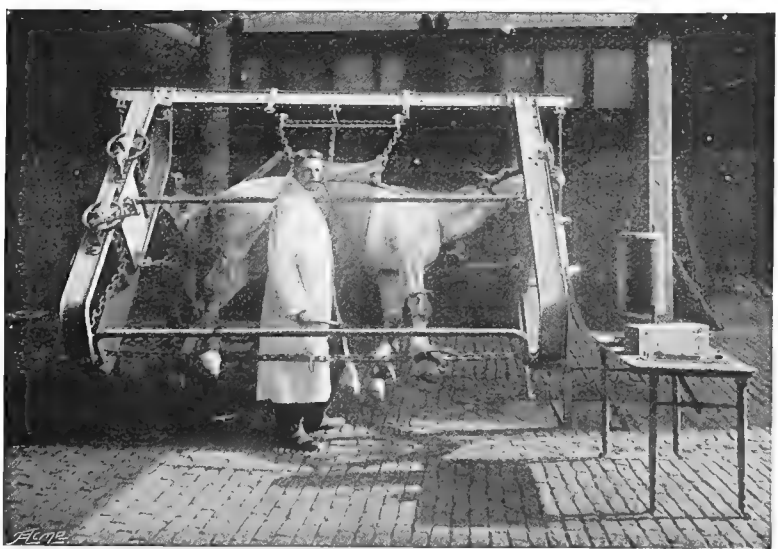

Photo by Jno. A. W. Dollar.

A surgical operating table for the horse, invented by a French veterinary surgeon, but greatly improved by Mr. Jno. A. W. Dollar, M.R.C.V.S., who has written a book on the instrument.

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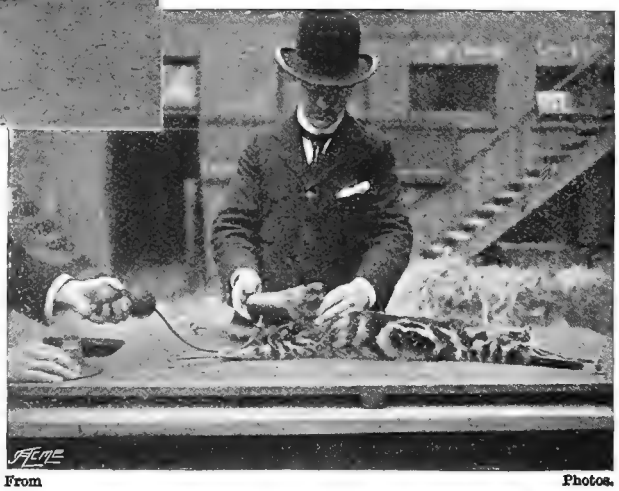
A cat with a bandaged eye.

this band is only to prevent him from lying on that maimed fetlock of his — not to keep him from sitting down if he wishes to do so; and he knows it, too—knows it as well as you or I; so he promptly avails himself of the opportunity and sits.



From Photos.

Chloroforming a cat.

To be concise, the college is a series of surprises. One almost imagines oneself accompanying Alice in Wonderland. Why shouldn't the walrus weep, or do anything else it pleases? you ask yourself, as the ludicrous resemblance between the human and the animal patient again strikes you. Look at that mare in the corner, with an enormous poultice on her head. Standing there, as she does, with her neck hung low, she looks for all the world like an old woman with the toothache. Again, the sleepy old shire lying at his ease, with leg outstretched, all swathed in bandages. He might as well be a gouty octogenarian, grumbling before his fireside.

But the climax is reached by a cow with a wooden leg. She broke her hind leg at the joint and was miserable for days. But directly she got the substitute, and a strong one it had to be, she was as merry as a lark. To see her fling that wooden limb of hers full at the troublesome little dog, which insists on yapping at her heels, would bring tears to the eyes of the most gloomy. Another cow with a wooden leg is portrayed in our heading-photograph.

One of the most remarkable cases that have issued from the College was that of a whippet, who got her two fore legs crushed by jumping out of a high window. The remedy lay between an ounce of lead and amputation, which latter remedy was carried out, and the whippet may now be seen hopping about like a kangaroo, in the vicinity of Blackfriars Station.

From a Photo.

A tailless horse for whom a false tail has been made.

And it is not only at the Veterinary College that you find these extraordinary cases of canine surgery. Dog fanciers in general, and Mr. Edward Moseley, of Regent Street, in particular, have performed upon not a few marvellous cases.

Not that Mr. Moseley is a veterinary surgeon by profession; for he is a dentist, and it is probably this fact

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which induced him to perform the only operation of its sort that has ever been done. He is an enthusiastic dog breeder, and whilst in Belgium he came upon a very old Schipperke dog, which he thought would make a good "stud dog." As I have before remarked, the dog was old, and about a year after Mr. Moseley bought him practically all his teeth fell out. This meant that the dog would have to be fed on minced meat or "slops," which is contrary to canine canons. Naturally, therefore, the dog declined in health; so at length Mr. Moseley decided upon the unprecedented operation of supplying "Myn Duyvel" (the dog's name, so called from his bad temper, of which the polite Dutch translation is "my devil") with false teeth.

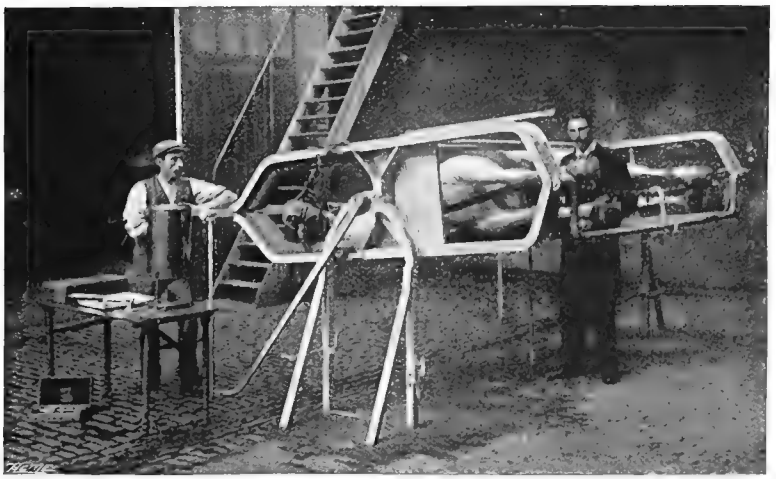

Photo by Jno. A. W. Dollar.

Mr. Dollar's table in position for operating.
Showing a horse turned to the left with free accessibility to all parts.

Special moulds having been made, the dog was chloroformed, the old stumps extracted, and a plaster cast taken of his mouth.

"When I had succeeded in getting this model of his mouth," explained Mr. Moseley, "I bought several of the smallest possible artificial human teeth and ground them down to the required shape and size. They had to be made very small, for the simple reason that twenty-four of them are wanted for a little Schipperke's mouth. The cutting edges were protected by thin platinum foil, which made them sharper and prevented the porcelain from breaking.

"The first time that the teeth were inserted the dog had to be chloroformed, and when he came to, he fought hard to get rid of them. In two hours, however, he was completely reconciled—a change which was brought about, I may say, by the discovery that he could now eat a chop, *bone and all.*"

As the set referred to were made entirely as an experiment, Mr. Moseley finds it difficult to give the cost of false teeth for dogs. Roughly, they would be about ten guineas a set, though of course this price varies with the size of the dog. The Schipperke being of so small a breed, necessitated exceedingly delicate workmanship.

Nor is this the only specimen of canine surgery that can be placed to Mr. Moseley's credit. He once had a fox-terrier, Squidger by name, who crushed his paw beyond all hope of reconstruction. Squidger was very, very sad about this, and gave himself up for lost, for he was minus a paw when he emerged from the chloroform (or, I believe it was ether this time, for poor Squidger had a weak heart; and animals with weak hearts are not given chloroform). But his master had a surprise for him, as soon as the leg had healed, in the shape of the most ingenious false limb I have ever seen, human or otherwise. Its construction was practically perfect, based as it was on the dog's own

From Photos.

Various views of a set of false teeth prepared for a dog. They cost £8.

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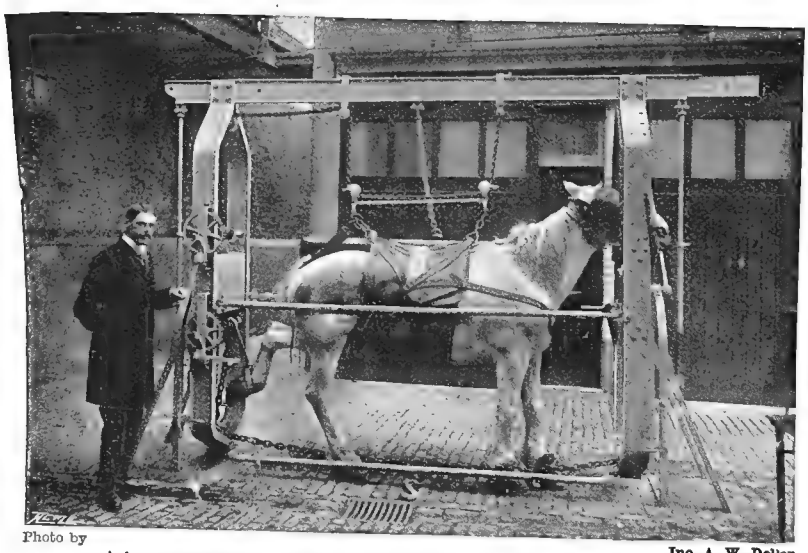

Photo by Jno. A. W. Dollar.

A horse fixed in Mr. Dollar's operating table, with the hind leg lifted and drawn backwards for operation upon the sole.

majority of the funeral horses that one sees about are the proud possessors of what may grandiloquently be called false "caudal appendages." Nor are funeral horses the only sinners in this direction. Often and often the necessity of an operation at the end of the spine will cause the hairs of the tail to cease growing. The retail price of a tail is £2 10s.

leg. It has two joints at the place that corresponds to our ankle, which are worked automatically by springs. The dog can therefore trot along with his old elastic stride, in a manner to all intents and purposes as easy as before. The false leg is shaped exactly to a cast taken of the lost limb, and is padded so that it can be laced with comfort to the stump that remains. Moreover, the dog's pad is represented by a soft sole of indiarubber.

One would almost imagine that, after the foregoing examples, we had reached the limit of the "vet's" art, or at any rate the limit of his field of operations. This is not so, however, for there are yet the eye and the tail—the two extremes, in other words.

Though it is not so common to come across an animal with a glass eye, as in the case of a human being, yet it is by no means so uncommon as may be imagined. There is a dog at Worthing, for instance, who wears a false eye so true to nature that it is exceedingly difficult to tell which is the real eye and which the false.

And now let us end with the tail. A curious fact in connection with this part of the animal is that the

From Photos.

A horse in the stocks awaiting an operation at the Veterinary College. Chloroform is being administered.

A horse in the sling. The weight is taken entirely off the legs.

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Kitty's Bouquet.

By Elizabeth C. Pilkington.

I.

"Bobbie won't approve of the arrangement," said Kitty with a mischievous laugh.

"No," acquiesced Barbara, "I am sure he won't; and between you and me," continued the elder Miss Yorke, speaking rather seriously, "I think it a mistake. School would have been the place for Bobbie; he would have found his proper level there. As it is, he is getting terribly spoilt; father is so absurdly proud of him, and Bobbie, of course, is quite sharp enough to know this, and takes advantage in every possible way. And as for mother—well, I think she is even worse than father!"

"I expect we shall have him up here directly," said Kitty. "I know he will be bursting with indignation."

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips when the door opened noisily, and in came the aforementioned Bobbie—a handsome, impertinent-looking lad of twelve, whose every feature was alive with consternation and disgust.

"I say, girls," he cried, "have you heard? Isn't it a beastly, horrible shame?—I'm to have a tutor!—and I would much rather go to school. I know how fellows laugh at a poor chap who is humbugged with a tutor. It was quite bad enough having Herr Bernstein coming twice a week to teach his idiotic German—but this animal, I suppose, will be for ever on the spot."

"You're wrong there, Bobbie," cried Kitty, "for mother has arranged for him to board with the Harlands at the school-house, and he will only be here mornings and afternoons."

"Even then I shall see more of him than I like—I know the style! A grubby-looking fossil in blue spectacles—his hair cut with a knife and fork. I've seen one specimen—Maurice Richards had a tutor—ugh!"

"Come here, Bobbie," said Barbara, coaxingly, "and I will tell you something nice." Barbara was only step-sister to the other two, but being much their senior and also a great favourite, her words carried weight. "He is not a grubby fossil at all—just the opposite—quite a smart young fellow, an Oxford man, and, do you know," speaking with emphasis, "he has played in a county match against the *Australians!*"

The discontented little wrinkle in Bobbie's nose uncurled itself, and his blue eyes brightened.

"Oh, I say, Babs, old girl, is that true?"

"Perfectly true; ask father."

"Well, then, let me tell you girls," said Bobbie, suddenly changing his tactics, "that this fellow, when he comes, will be *my* property; father has engaged him for *my* education, so understand from the first that I won't have you girls appropriating him."

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"You vulgar boy," exclaimed Barbara, indignantly.

"Well, you don't do that kind of thing, Barbara, you're too old, I suppose,"—with brotherly candour—"but Kitty there, was always having little talks with Herr Bernstein, and didn't she once measure her length in the dust when chasing after his hat?"

Pretty eighteen-year-old Kitty flushed angrily.

"Really, Bobbie, you're quite bad enough to begin with, but if you add story-telling to your list of misdemeanours I don't know what will be the end of you."

"Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie;" laughed Barbara, "you have got hold of the wrong end of the story; it was Herr Bernstein who nearly fell into the duckpond when trying to rescue Kitty's hat."

"Much the same thing," calmly replied the incorrigible youth; "and look here," he added, as he strutted round the room with a lordly air, "what's this fellow's name? I must know what to call the chap when he comes."

"Mr. Moore—Basil Moore I think father said his name was."

"I'll tell you what, girls," cried this small "man of the world," "I shouldn't be surprised if he turns out a regular 'take-in' after all. I always think old dad is a bit of a greenhorn." And with this last remark Bobbie bounded from the room, singing at the top of his voice:—

> Owen Moore ran away,
> Owing more than he could pay.

II.

Bobbie's tutor, about whom there had been so much discussion, duly arrived at the appointed time. Somewhat grave and reserved in manner, he was of medium height, with an olive complexion and fairly regular features, but the charm of his face—for it was an attractive face—lay in a pair of handsome dark-grey eyes.

From the first Bobbie established himself as Mr. Moore's devoted slave, and the influence the young man had over his pupil was wonderful. But Kitty and Barbara were rather slow in making friends with him, not that they gave heed to any opposition or hindrance thereto on Bobbie's part (though, to do him justice, he did his best), but there was at first a curious reserve and quietness about the young man which did not encourage sudden intimacies, and, being of an apparently modest turn of mind, it evidently did not occur to him that he could be of any particular interest to them. Was he not merely "Bobby's tutor?"

At the Schoolhouse he won golden opinions, and Mr. Price, the Vicar, who often dropped in for a chat on the latest news from the Transvaal, found his usual twenty minutes' stay lengthen into an hour or so when the tutor was present. It was on one of these occasions that the subject of getting up an entertainment in aid of the fund for the wives and children of Reservists was discussed, and Basil Moore, whose interest in the matter was keen, entered into the spirit of the thing at once and offered some valuable suggestions.

After thoroughly discussing the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Harland (who were equally enthusiastic) and the tutor, Mr. Price, finding he was then due at a meeting, hurried away.

"I am glad the Vicar suggested Miss Katherine Yorke as one to help," said Mrs. Harland after Mr. Price had gone. "Have you ever heard her sing? You must have, of course."

"No," replied the tutor, "as yet I have only heard her through closed doors—Master Bobbie does not approve of music when I spend the evenings there—but I should say she has a good voice, from the little I have heard."

"Oh, Mr. Moore," exclaimed Mrs. Harland, "she is simply the loveliest singer I ever heard! If only Mrs. Yorke will consent to her singing at our concert, success would be certain. I heard her sing last year; Mrs. Yorke had kindly invited the school children to tea in the grounds, and during the evening Miss Barbara took us—Mr. Harland and myself, that is—into the house where we had a little refreshment, and Miss Katherine sang for us. I never shall forget the treat it was; first she sang a bright little love-song, all "tral-la-la"—the kind of thing I don't care for, as a rule, but to hear her sing it made you laugh from sheer light-heartedness."

"Then we must move heaven and earth to get Miss Katherine's name on our programme," said Basil Moore briskly. "Mr. and Mrs. Yorke are at Bournemouth, but I will see if I can get Miss Yorke to help us—she has great influence with her father and mother."

III.

At last the much-talked-of night arrived, and long before the time advertised for the commencement of the entertainment the room was completely packed. The platform was prettily decorated with palms and flowering plants—banners and scrolls with patriotic quotations adorned the walls. "A gentle-

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man in khaki" took tickets at the door, while young ladies of the neighbourhood, becomingly attired in nurses' costume, sold programmes.

The entertainment consisted of some good part songs, solos of varying merit, a couple of pianoforte duets, and of course, a recitation in the shape of Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar."

Kitty was decidedly the star of the evening. She had chosen for her first item a woful little ballad of Tennyson's, set to appropriate music. There was silence in that tightly-packed room as she began, with a gentle earnestness which thrilled her hearers—

"Home they brought her warrior dead."

"Oh, I say, Babs, old girl, is that true?"

So completely did the girl throw her heart into the song that for a moment she was, to the audience, no longer pretty Miss Katherine from the Hall, but one who had to tell of the devastation of war, of desolated home, and woman's broken heart.

Of course, she was encored in both her songs, those with which she responded being encored also; in fact, she could only have satisfied her audience by singing for them all the evening.

Just as she was about to retire for the last time a splendid bouquet of hot-house flowers was handed up to her. The girl's surprise was so great that in her unaffected girlish pleasure a little exclamation of delight escaped from her lips, re-echoed by some of the audience through sympathy, though their eyes were moist, and once more they filled the room with the thunder of applause.

There was a slight rain falling when the concert was over, and Basil Moore in his capacity of general manager found plenty of occupation in opening umbrellas and escorting people to their respective carriages and cabs; all the same, he found time to get round to the private entrance where the Brier Hall carriage was waiting and to thank Katharine in the warmest words at his command for her services.

"Good-bye, Miss Katherine," he said, with a handshake that was something more than friendly, and a look which filled

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Barbara's motherly heart with vague uneasiness.

"Kitty," said Bobbie, suddenly, as they drove homewards, "that's a swagger-looking bouquet—who sent it? Some idiot with more money than brains, I expect."

"I haven't the faintest idea who sent it!—but look, Bob, isn't it a beauty? Look at the stephanotis and the lovely white roses," continued Kitty with enthusiasm.

"I wonder," remarked her sister gravely, "who can have sent it—it is so unlike anyone in these unenterprising parts. Do you think, Kitty, that Harry Hardman or one of the Jackson boys can have sent it?"

"I do not know who sent it," said Kitty, as she held its waxen petals caressingly against her cheeks; "but it's a darling, wherever it comes from."

That same evening, as Barbara was disrobing for the night, and turning over in her mind the various incidents connected with the concert, she heard a quick step and flutter of draperies along the corridor; the door flew open, and in burst Kitty, breathless and excited, with cheeks flushed a rich crimson, and her blue eyes darkly brilliant.

"Oh, Barbara, Barbara!" she exclaimed, "can you guess who sent the bouquet? I opened it out, thinking to keep the flowers longer, and there, in the centre, I found a man's card. Guess whose."

A splendid bouquet of hot-house flowers was handed up to her.

The elder girl paused; her face did not reflect her sister's joyous happiness, and there was a touch of disapproval in her voice as she said quietly:

"Was it Mr. Moore's?"

"Yes, Basil Moore's," replied Kitty softly. Isn't Basil a nice name, and doesn't it suit him exactly? But oh, Barbara, I have not told you all—I am lucky to-night! Look! there was something else beside the card"; and going a little closer to her sister, she exhibited with pride a gold bracelet with pendant heart attached.

"A bracelet!" cried Barbara in tones of consternation and reddening slightly.

"Yes," said Kitty, as she sat down, happy excitement beaming in her face, "I opened the bouquet, and there to my astonishment I found the card and this beautiful bracelet. Both were tucked snugly down in the centre—how can I ever thank him sufficiently?—and a bracelet was just what I wanted. Isn't the whole thing romantic? Just like a chapter out of a novel!"

Barbara stood silent for a moment—irresolute—her face a trifle pale. It is never an enviable task to turn another's cup of joy into one of bitterness.

"Kitty," she said at last, speaking now with earnestness and decision, "I do not like this business. I feel a little disappointed in Mr. Moore. I have no doubt he means to be kind and all that—but I do not think it is

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quite gentlemanly of him to send a bouquet and a bracelet in this way when father and mother are away. You are young, you know, Kitty, and, after all, who is this Mr. Moore? I believe father knows very little about him, and have you not noticed that he never speaks of his own people?"

But love is ever blind, and Kitty only replied by playfully putting her arm round her sister's waist, and looking laughingly into her face as she said:

"You are a dear old croaker, Babs. Mr. Moore is a perfect gentleman, I'm sure, and wouldn't it be rather a monotonous world, dear, if no one ever did a thing on impulse? And to act on impulse is not always a mistake."

IV.

When Barbara arrived downstairs the following morning, she found an "early bird" in the shape of Bobbie, seated before the urn. He had just poured out his own cup of coffee and was earnestly perusing an open letter.

"It's all right, Babs," he said coolly—"it was addressed to you, but it's from Moore, so I opened it. He's gone home—been telegraphed for—an uncle dangerously ill—awfully sorry, hopes you'll excuse it, etcetera.

"How dare you open my letter?" demanded his sister sharply. "I know this, that Mr. Moore would be very angry if he knew. If it had been intended for you it would have been addressed for you."

"Well, I didn't exactly open it," said Bobbie sheepishly, "it wasn't really stuck properly, and then I saw it was Moore's handwriting and so—"

"Nonsense," interrupted his sister taking the letter from him and reading it herself with avidity.

"It was a short note, written in haste, the gist of it being what Bobbie had already told her. It came as a relief to her, to be rid of the tutor for a day or two; she had passed a restless night, for the thought of Basil Moore's strange and sudden action of the previous evening, coupled with the difficulty of deciding how to advise Kitty in the matter, had completely banished sleep. It was the gift of the bracelet with its pendant heart that had annoyed her the most—the bouquet she might have considered only as a graceful little tribute to Kitty's vocal powers, had it not been accompanied by the former.

Kitty, on the contrary, was deeply disappointed when she heard of the sudden absence of her brother's tutor, and the fact that the time of his return was uncertain, and that no one—not even the Harlands—knew his home address, filled her with dismay.

Three days passed away—days of grave doubts and dark misgivings for Barbara, but filled with happy anticipations and golden dreams for Kitty, in spite of her anxiety, for her trust remained unshaken. Then Basil Moore returned. He went straight up to the Hall immediately on his arrival and asked to see Miss Yorke.

The two sisters were in their own little sitting-room, which they dignified by the name of "boudoir," when his return was announced, and Barbara, leaving Katherine in a flutter of excitement, went down at once.

There was a cheerful fire burning in the library when Barbara entered, and she found Basil Moore gazing thoughtfully into the glowing embers. At the first glance she could see a change in the young man—he looked paler, thinner, she thought, or perhaps it was the black suit he was wearing that made him appear so.

"Good morning, Mr. Moore," said Barbara, gravely extending her hand, "I am glad you have been able to return. We were sorry to hear about your uncle's illness—I hope he is—"—"better" she was going to say, but glancing at his sombre attire she hesitated.

My uncle is dead," Mr. Moore replied quietly. "He died the same evening I reached home. May I have a little talk with you, Miss Yorke?"

"Certainly, Mr. Moore—sit down, please."

"My uncle's death has come as a great shock to me," the young man continued sadly, "for I did not even know that he was ill, and I am sorry to say the last time I saw him we did not part very good friends. The shock is the greater because ever since I was a small boy he has given me a home, education, everything—in short, adopted me—for both my parents died when I was very young. If you and your sister have ever honoured me with a thought, you must have considered me curiously reticent with regard to my connections?"

Thoughts of the bouquet and bracelet flashed through Barbara's mind, and she merely bowed somewhat stiffly for him to continue.

"Uncle and I were the best of friends," he continued, "until a severe attack of gout set in which seemed to completely change his whole nature; from being generous, genial, and open-hearted, he became penurious, irritable, and suspicious. In return

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for his many kindnesses to me, I endeavoured, however, to do all I could for him and up to the time of my leaving him I had acted as a sort of secretary in the management of his affairs. Every day I had to consult him with regard to various letters and matters of business, but these interviews at last became the trial of my life. It seemed to give him a kind of fiendish pleasure to hurl all manner of insults upon me, until at last I could stand it no longer, and one day, in a fit of temper, I left him, resolving for the future to earn my own living and have nothing more to do with him. And there I shall always blame myself," continued the young man remorsefully; "knowing that he was not his usual self through illness, I—for whom he had done so much—should have stayed with him and borne with his ill-temper. But my pride was hurt, and so I went. To cut a long story short, I saw your father's advertisement, applied for the post, in strict confidence told your father all, intending to keep my whereabouts a secret from my uncle, for fear he should send for me. I fear poor uncle missed me terribly from the first. Benson, his old butler, had a wearisome time of it trying to hunt me out, and how he succeeded in the end I do not know. I am afraid I played an ungrateful part, Miss Yorke, which I shall never cease to regret."

The young man paused for a moment, and gazed regretfully through the window, where a thin wintry fog veiled the landscape over with a cloud of dingy grey, and his face seemed to have borrowed something from the dismal scene as he said:

"I am afraid my stay with you here must soon come to an end now; it will be a grief to me to part from you all. I believe I have been happier during my sojourn here than ever before."

"Why must you leave us, Mr. Moore?" interrogated Barbara.

"How stupid I am!" exclaimed her companion; "I am forgetting that you do not know. Uncle has made me his sole heir, and as he was an extensive colliery owner in the north, it will take up the whole of my time to look after my own affairs now. I suppose most people would call me a fortunate fellow to come in for such a property, but I am afraid I hardly realise things yet. I can only regret that changes must take place."

"We shall be sorry to lose—" began Barbara, when the door opened quickly and Katherine entered.

Basil Moore's face brightened visibly as the latter approached.

"Good morning, Mr. Moore," she said gaily; "I am very glad to see you again. We began to think you had deserted us altogether, and I have so wanted to see you since the concert to thank you for the flowers and the lovely bracelet."

One of Katherine's chief charms lay in her total lack of self-consciousness, and the face she turned towards Basil Moore was full of the joy she felt. But he stood up before her on the hearthrug with only a stony, troubled stare of amazement in his dark grey eyes.

"Miss Katherine," he faltered, his voice betraying the embarrassment he felt, "it would have given me great pleasure, inexpressible pleasure, to have sent you a bouquet—had I dared—but I must acknowledge that it was not I who sent it. As for the bracelet! Miss Katherine—Miss Yorke!"—he turned from one to the other—"the bracelet of which you speak, I assure you I know nothing.

"But your—your card was there," stammered Kitty.

Basil Moore started. "Then, of course, I can only guess, but I begin to fear that Bobbie could give some explanation. I remember now, that he begged for one of my cards the day of the concert—the rascal!"

An awkward silence followed. Kitty moved away towards the window—the pretty rose-flush faded from her cheeks, leaving her pale with wounded pride and disappointment.

Barbara racked her brains for a suitable remark.

"Kitty," she said at length, "Mr. Moore will be obliged to leave us before long; he has just come in for some property, which will require all his time and attention."

"I congratulate Mr. Moore," said Kitty coldly. "And I think," she added, with a scornful little movement of the chin, "that we are to be congratulated also, as Bobbie will, no doubt, be sent to school now—his education at home has been a failure and a mistake—Barbara and I always thought—"

"Oh, Kitty," expostulated Barbara, "it was before Mr. Moore came that we thought *that*. Don't be rude, dear," she added gently; "lately Bobbie has improved wonderfully, and I am sure he has made quite an idol of Mr. Moore."

"Anyhow, he has made a *fool* of *me*," said Kitty, speaking more in her usual manner; "but I am sorry if I was rude, Mr. Moore," she added with sudden penitence. There was a little tremor about the corners of her mouth and her eyes filled with tears. The sight of her

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sorrow was too much for the young man.

"Kitty, darling," he broke in impulsively, heedless of Barbara's presence, and all trace of "the tutor" disappearing before his passionate, almost boyish impetuosity, "you must know that I love you—who could help it, I wonder? Do not let the pranks of a foolish boy come between us—I would have sent dozens of bouquets and trinkets if I had only dared to hope——"

At this juncture it occurred to Barbara that this was a suitable time to absent herself and endeavour to find Bobbie, whom she strongly suspected, in common with Mr. Moore, of being the one most likely to hold the key to the mystery. She found the supposed delinquent in the stable-yard deeply interested in watching Hobson, the groom, clipping Mr. Yorke's favourite mare.

"You must know that I love you—who could help it, I wonder?"

"Bobbie," cried his sister sternly, "come here at once."

"Wait a bit, I'm busy," he responded, without turning his head.

"Do as I tell you—come at once!"

The unusual severity of his sister's voice startled the boy, and he obeyed.

"You bad, bad boy," cried Barbara angrily, taking him by the arm as soon as they were out of earshot, and shaking him severely, "what do you mean by making all this mischief with your idiotic bouquet and bracelet? Don't you know it's *forgery* to send them in another person's name?"

"Oh, that's all rot," replied Bobbie with a grin, not by any means alarmed. "It's forgery if you sign another person's name—I only used his visiting card—and I say, Babs, didn't it go off splendidly? Kitty was quite taken in—girls are so easily gulled."

"Where did you get the bouquet, you perfect imp of mischief?" cried Barbara, giving him another shake.

"Holmes made up the bouquet out of our own greenhouse," said Bobbie proudly, "and wasn't it a stunner? I begged the stephanotis and white roses from the Jacksons, so that Kitty shouldn't recognise where it came from."

"But the bracelet—the gold bracelet!" exclaimed his sister. Where in the name of all that's wonderful did that come from?

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That did not grow in our conservatory, or the Jackson's either."

"Oh, the bracelet!" laughed the boy. That's a long story. Just sit down, keep your hair on, and I'll tell you all about it."

They had reached the schoolroom by this time, and Barbara, astonished and dismayed beyond expression, almost unconsciously obeyed the dictates of her small companion by sinking into a chair, eager to hear the end of the story.

Bobbie seated himself opposite to his sister. "When I am a man," he commenced, "I shall certainly enter Parliament. Very few people can lay plans and carry them through as I can. Well, to begin. You know that little diamond pin Uncle Hastings gave me? I showed it to Moore one day. 'Very nice,' he said, 'but not suitable for a boy of twelve; put it away until you're a man.' Well, you know, I didn't seem to care for it after that. I didn't say anything to anybody, but next time I went into town I took it to a jeweller's and asked him to change it for a gold horseshoe affair just like the one Moore wears. Well, I got one just like his, exactly, and when the man said what would I have for the rest, I did not bother much—there was nothing I wanted for myself—so I got the bracelet for *your* birthday present. On my honour it was for you, for I knew if I gave you a thing like that you'd tip up pretty well when my turn came. It was worth three pounds, the man said, and he let me have it for the difference. Well, when I got home I changed my mind—it just happened at the time of the concert—and Moore had been telling me what asses some of the chaps at Oxford to make of themselves spending all their money on bouquets and things for actresses and singers—so I just hatched a little plot—a very successful little plot—in order to take Kitty down a peg."

"I never was so astonished in my life!" gasped Barbara at the end of the recital. "A boy of your age to make such wicked mischief, with your deep and cunning plots! I can scarcely believe it possible."

"No mischief at all, I assure you, Barbara. I've only been helping Moore a bit with his courtship—for it's my belief he's awfully spoony on Kitty; if you weren't as blind as a bat you'd have known that before. And now I've told you all I'm off to the stable again. Ta-ta!"

* * * *

When Mr. and Mrs. Yorke returned from Bournemouth the following week, they were at once informed of Bobbie's latest misdemeanour. Mr. Yorke was very wroth, and would have sent the culprit away to school without further delay, but Mrs. Yorke stood up for her boy.

"It would be too bad," she pleaded, "to send him away for what was nothing but a mischievous prank, and a boy with Bobbie's high spirit must occasionally carry a joke a little too far—it was only natural."

Strange to relate, the two chiefly concerned in the matter shared this view of the case with her.

Subsequent events proved that Bobbie's mischief has not been wholly irreparable.

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By H. J. Holmes.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Some few years ago, in one of the quiet, sleepy suburbs of Berlin, there dwelt a little girl who wanted to become an artist. Her parents, unhappily, were not in a position to do much for her in that direction. Still, she was persistent. A taste of this sort is not to be crushed by ordinary means. The little girl went to school every day, and there she was taught the rudiments of art. At home she pursued her studies very earnestly in those ways beloved of childhood. A pencil in the hand of a promising artist of tender years is a weapon to be dreaded by parents who object to see every scrap of available surface of a well-conducted and tidy home turned into speculative landscapes and portraits of celebrities. So it fell out that an edict went forth rendering the erratic use of the pencil on the family wall-paper, or even on the humble kitchen whitewash, an indictable offence under a parent act, punishable by the usual stern methods practised in every self-respecting German home.

But the youthful artist, while submitting to the wishes of her good mother, was not disposed to allow her dearest hopes to be thus snuffed out. Her pencil was banished, it is true. But what true artist would allow such a small difficulty to stand in his or her way? We know, from the pages of art history, what wonders have been done before now with the burnt end of a bit of firewood and a sheet of common canvas, not to speak of the astonishing effect produced from a few morsels of coloured chalk and a friendly paving-stone.

But not to those make-shifts did the little seeker after artistic honours turn. A piece of lighted candle held beneath the upper surface of the large dish that was usually requisitioned for service under the Sunday joint, produced a magical background from which sprung, at the bidding of her lissom finger, effects so original in black and white as to make the soulful young lady tremble with excitement and pleasure. No expensive materials—pencil, pen, and thick white card—were required; the lighted candle produced a beautiful black, her right forefinger did the

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The first stage of a smoke picture — preparing the ground.

rest! Magnificent creations sprang into existence at every waggle of the little hand. The dexterous twist of her wrist brought forth delightful results—all, of course, glowing with the new impressionism before which the critics of our day grovel in the dust and groan in ecstasy! And when her radiant eyes were glutted with the sight of her work, all that remained was to sweep away the Whistlerean masterpiece with a damp tea towel, and, hey presto! a few applications of the flame of the humble candle once more provided her with the requisite material for another brainy "effect" in black and white. For months she persisted in this remarkable pursuit of her ideal. Then she sighed for other methods—and found one.

She persuaded a young companion who was engaged in an art-pottery and glass manufactory to procure for her a packet of the white sand used for engraving ornaments.

Again did that little girl enjoy all the ecstasy of a newly-found happiness. On her jet-black background she produced with the snowy sand once more the most striking effects in black and white. But not without infinite trouble and care was this accomplished. The tiny grains would jump on touching the hard surface of the dish, and leave their mark with unerring precision just where it was not wanted. But patience, helped by passionate desire for perfection, conquered, and her speedy fingers soon learnt to dribble the sand in lines that would not travel to positions where they were out of place. Soon curves and straight lines were produced, with commendable exactitude, at the will of the fair young fingers. Snow pictures were her particular fancy, and, with the vivid black for a background, they were distinctly pleasing to look at. For the most part she was content to be her own critic—in which, by the way, she was not original—but she often pleased her youthful companions by an inspection of her work, and, no doubt, owing to the fact that those who saw

Second stage—outlining.

The finished sketch—a marvel of lightning art.

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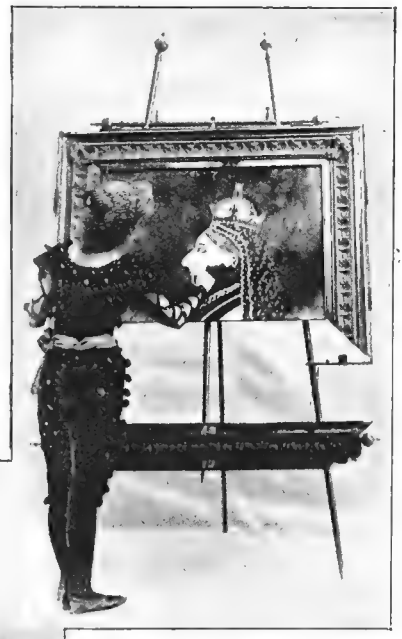
specimens of it knew little of what a picture should be, much praise was the portion of the happy little artist. In this she was much akin to older sisters and brothers in art who rejoice at the praise of ignoramuses, and weep before the well-meant, if unpleasant truths of the capable. Many an aspirant owns too large a circle of foolish friends ever to attempt to become an artist.

But praise did not spoil our little perseverant. At school she rapidly learnt all she was taught of the technical side of her precious art—that was not very much. At home she continued her studies with the only means at her disposal, and a heart and soul full of wild enthusiasm.

One thing sorrowed her beyond measure. She realised, of course, that her pictures in smoke could only end—well, in smoke; but it hurt her that her pictures in sand could never be raised at an angle for viewing purposes without causing the most disastrous results when the fine sand began to travel erratically over the hard surface.



La Belle Wilma drawing a smoke picture of the Queen.

The finished portrait.

"Rubbing out" the sketch, to show that the ground-work was an ordinary smoked surface.

Whistler was not in it for weird effects when this happened!

Then some inspiration suggested a background to which the sand would cling when the picture was raised to an angle of, say, sixty or even greater.

What material would suit this purpose? One day in a shop in Berlin her eye caught sight of a piece of soft plush. The very thing! She was not happy until she scraped together sufficient of her very small allowance of pocket money to purchase a square of the precious material. In the very shop which the little artist had entered to buy the necessary material, it flashed across her mind that with a lighter background and coloured sands she would be able to produce pictures of a more striking character than those in mere black and white. She postponed the purchase of the square of plush until she had made inquiries as to the procurability of coloured sands; but the next day she recollected that there was nothing to prevent her obtaining more white sand, and changing it with cheap dyes to the necessary colours.

This done, she invested in a square of light blue plush and began to experiment. Her early attempt at coloured work was, of course, exceedingly crude, but she was nevertheless delighted with it, as were

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her youthful critics before mentioned. In the meantime the days and months were rolling by. The little German girl grew up according to the usual habit. Circumstances altered her position in life. She was able to take lessons in drawing and painting, progressing satisfactorily.

At the age of eighteen the enthusiastic German girl realised that the moment had come when she absolutely must earn sufficient money to live. I shall not enter into the circumstances resulting in this state of affairs—but they were romantic enough in all conscience.

First stage of a sand landscape.

Second stage.

In Berlin it is far more difficult for a girl to earn a living than it is in London. The young artist very soon learnt that. She did not know what to turn to until a friend offered to procure her an introduction to the manager of a popular variety theatre. The girl had had no experience at singing or dancing. But just then the idea came into her head that she might find her childish hobby of sand and smoke sketches of value to her.

She saw the manager and suggested the new form of entertainment. It was a novelty, and novelties are very dear to a music-hall manager's heart. The young artist was engaged, and her "turn" became the talk of Berlin.

The finished sketch—a pretty winter scene.

It was at the end of September last, when La Belle Wilma, the famous artist in sand and smoke, reached London, after a most successful tour on the Continent. The patrons of the Empire Theatre, where she made her first appearance in England, expressed themselves, in the usual manner, extremely well pleased with her performance, which is graceful, artistic, and most refined in every particular. It is, indeed, a remarkable entertainment. It de-

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mands the greatest care, artistic knowledge, and rapidity of action on the part of the performer.

For the sand pictures, frames containing differently coloured backgrounds are used. The material for the latter is a sort of soft plush, to which the tiny grains of sand adhere even when the picture is placed in almost a horizontal position. An assistant carries a palette bearing small bowls of variously-coloured fine sand. La Belle Wilma, standing at the back of the picture, takes one of the bowls containing a certain coloured sand in her left hand, and proceeds to scatter it, with marvellous rapidity, in what appears a promiscuous manner upon the square of plush. She changes the bowls from time to time, and the form of the picture becomes gradually apparent, and in a very short space La Belle Wilma steps down from her position and, with a quick movement, turns the frame to face the audience. The sketch, seen from the front, is hardly recognisable from a water or oil colour, so faithfully is it produced.

Commencing a sand sea-scape

La Belle Wilma putting the finishing touches to one of her marvellous pictures.

The finished sea-scape — one of the most popular of the sand-pictures.

The lines and smaller objects are formed with wonderful quickness, the artist passing her hand with unerring precision over the plush, allowing the sand to trickle from between her fingers in fine or heavy, soft or hard, lines, at her will. A mistake would be fatal, as the sand, once on the plush, could not be removed, and the whole effect of the picture would be completely spoilt were a colour dropped out of its proper place on the plush.

A few seconds suffice to complete each picture.

The frames in which La Belle Wilma produces the smoke pictures contain a great square of pure white porcelain. A blazing torch is held below the face of the porcelain until the smoke renders it completely black.

The frame is placed in position on the easel, when La Belle Wilma with the tip of her right forefinger, and the occasional use of a small brush, rapidly sketches out her subject, the lines touched showing out white.

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PAINT, PAY AND PROMOTION

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Sixth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

Only a sailor can understand the character of a sailor and the principles by which he steers his course from the cradle to the grave. Bluejackets, for instance, are as truthful and as honest as any class ashore, more so than most landsmen probably, yet in one sense Jack is often a liar and a thief, and is proud, as is his master, the executive officer, of his alertness in purloining things to which his legal right is problematical. But a naval lie and a naval theft are very different from the varieties which flourish ashore, and are not regarded as dishonourable. A man who wishes to rise above the rating of able-bodied seaman may be accused of some small mistake. He might, by an elaborate process, prove his innocence, but, as a warrant officer admitted in conversation the other day, "if he is wise, he salutes, says he is very sorry, and promises that it shall not occur again. He gets the credit of wishing to do right, and is in his officers' good books, whereas the contrary might be the case were he to give himself and his judge the trouble of testing the accusation." Another illustration may be furnished of the same character. A petty officer is in charge of a boat, and one man breaks an oar. His duty is to report it, in which case he will have to furnish explanations, which go before the captain, are entered in the log of the ship, eventually travel up to the Admiralty, and perhaps lead to correspondence which is troublesome to everyone concerned, and not least to the captain. It is much simpler to say nothing, and wait until the vessel is next at the dockyard, when the broken oar is handed in and a new one issued. Especially is this wise, because a smart man will thereby add to the equipment of the ship. As soon as he has authority to get the new oar he will manœuvre to obtain the discarded one, present it at another department, have it repaired, and thus, in the place of one, secure two efficient oars.

Englishmen are proud of their spick and

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span warships, and most landsmen imagine that all the paint and soap, polishing material, and gold leaf are paid for by the Admiralty. This is one of those errors which no amount of contradiction seems likely to kill, because none but a sailor can understand the colossal anomalies that survive in the Navy even in these democratic days. At one time warships were floating palaces, decorated and painted in a lavish style that we should characterise as mere vulgarity. These, however, belonged to the early days of last century, but there still survives the love of officers and men for a ship spotlessly clean and smart, with the deck so white that few would object to eat their food from it, with the paint-work flawless, and the brass-work, if not the guns themselves, burnished until they would serve as mirrors in an emergency. Officers who are over careful in these matters are often referred to as the "spit-and-polish school."

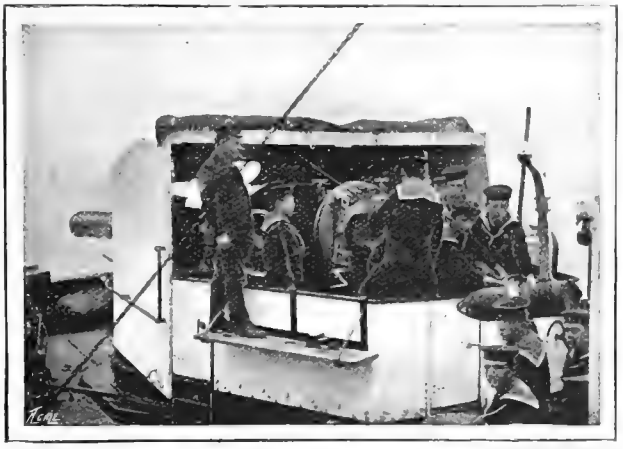

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Feeding the guns. The men are seen raising one shell while another has just been placed in the breech of the gun.

Behind this slavish practice of the old maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness" was a very simple explanation which a Service journal as late as two years ago summed up in these significant words. "At present clean, bright-work and spotless decks and paint-work counts more for promotion in a commissioned ship than straight shooting. Admirals' inspections generally take place in harbour, where cleanliness tells more than the capacity for sinking an enemy by ship's guns. The Admirals have no opportunity of judging the accuracy of the shooting from the ships under their command, other than by reading the forms on which the results of their target practice is registered." This writer further explained that bad reports would bring awkward questions; "hence most reports are passable." A naval officer, writing about the same time, remarked that in the Mediterranean Squadron "far more trouble and time is expended on filing the chase of a gun bright and burnishing it (which is absolutely contrary to regulations) than in seeing that the men are well-trained in the use of it."

All these facts were notorious in the Navy, and led to most curious, though dangerous results. Many ships became mere "show" places, the "show" being made by the chief executive officers out of their own pockets, and often exhausting the whole of their pay.

The Admiralty allowance of paint for a

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Pay-day. Jack receives his money upon his hat.

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man-of-war is calculated on the basis that the portions of the ship exposed to all winds and weather have one coat of paint every four months, while "between-decks" are supposed to have one coat a year, leaving sufficient for the boats. As everyone afloat knows, to say nothing of the Lord Commissioners, this provision is so ridiculously inadequate that, were it not exceeded, the ships would look like old merchant tramps, and the commander or first lieutenant would have to give up all hope of promotion. It is essential to success that the vessel be smart within and without, and the story is told by his shipmates that one officer, now an admiral, used to spend as much as £2,000 in a three years' commission in keeping his ship trim, while the crew were for ever busy on paint, deck, or metal, and "black list" men were seldom unemployed. Not many officers spend so much as this. A first lieutenant in a battleship will, however, dip into his pocket to the extent of £100 or £200 a year sometimes, and the commander will usually spend even more in beautifying the upper deck and the ship's sides, his special province.

Officers who have not the private means to lay out in bucketfuls of paint and books of gold leaf, usually become expert thieves in a naval sense; for they, too, wish to secure promotion as much as, or more than, their richer colleagues. An enterprising officer will send his carpenter and a few men with a cart into the dockyard where his vessel is being repaired, and by means of a little tobacco here, and some whisky there, the carpenter will collect quite a quantity of canvas, paint, and other commodities. The difficulty will then be to elude the police, but that functionary will be engaged in conversation by the officer, while the intelligent pillage-party conveys their spoil on board. It is no small thing for an officer to have a reputation as a "thief," and he does not hide his light under a bushel, as the many stories current concerning the abstraction of goods from a ship paying off or from dockyards testify.

Of the curious paint and polish customs of the Navy, a story is told of Admiral Sir John Phillimore that he painted one side of his frigate black and white, while the remaining paint was used in placing over the old yellow paint on the other side the words—"No more paint." The Clerk of the Admiralty called Sir John's attention to this conduct, and after certain references to its

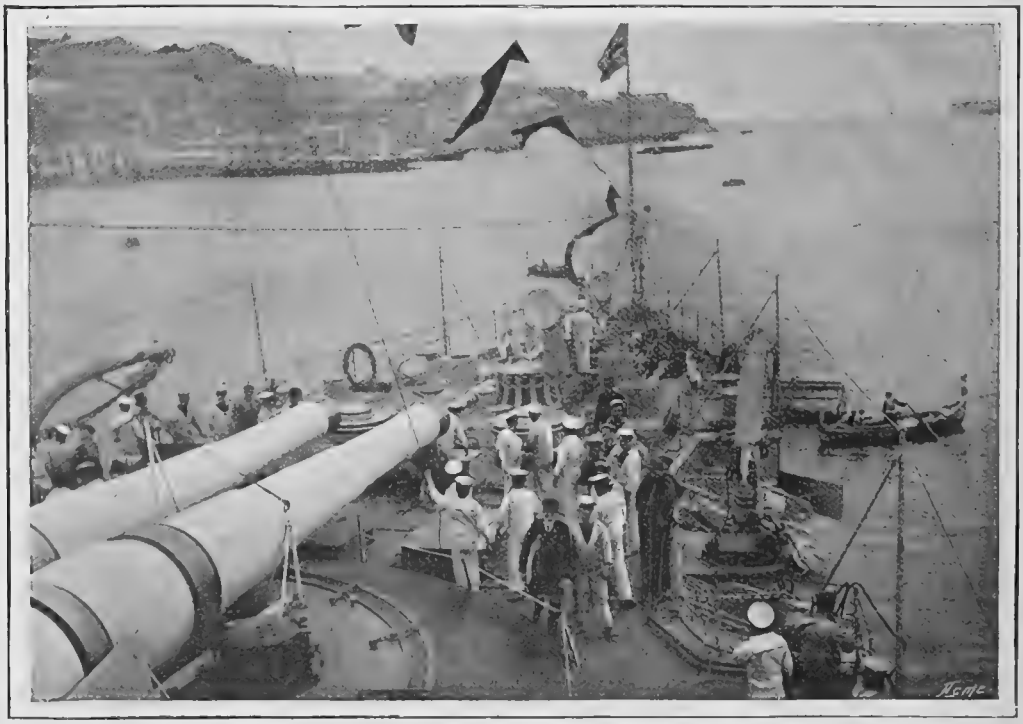

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Dressing the ship.

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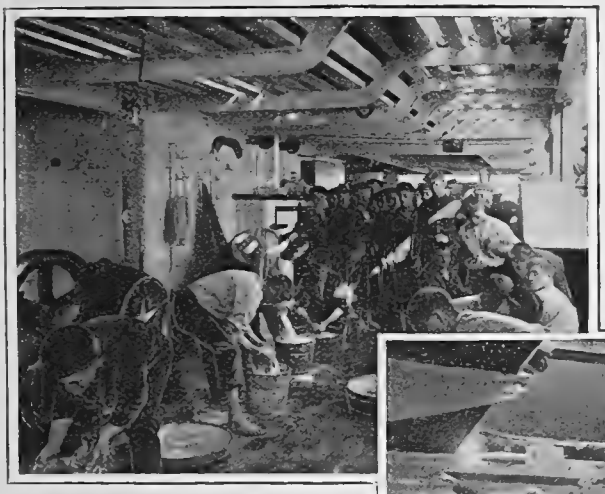
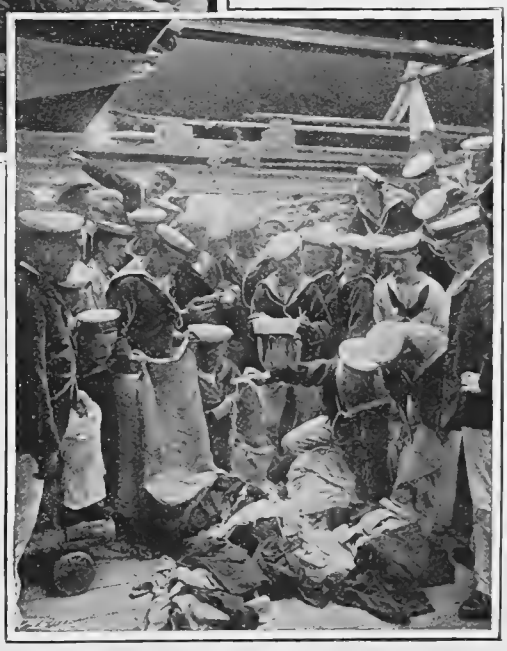
impropriety, concluded with the usual official signature in those days, "Your affectionate friend." And back came a reply, explaining that the words could not be painted out unless he had more paint, and Sir John copied the official manner, and signed himself, "Your affectionate friend, John Phillimore." Then came a remonstrance from the Navy Board at his using this form of signature, to which the worthy admiral replied deploring the non-arrival of the paint, and concluding, "I am no longer your affectionate friend, John Phillimore." Needless to add, Sir John won.



This is how the sailors wash their clothes on board after cleaning up the vessel.

Photos by Reinhold Thiele.



The "Scran-bag"—where all the odds and ends in the way of clothing found on board are placed.

Thanks to Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, and a few other flag officers, the Admiralty were practically compelled to issue fresh instructions with reference to the paramount importance of gunnery. It was clearly indicated that however spick and span a ship might be, the inspecting admiral would not report favourably on it, and thus lay the foundations for the senior officer's promotions, unless the men could shoot straight. Arising out of this an anecdote is told of a vessel about to be visited by the admiral in the ordinary course. It was made so beautiful that no officer of the "spit and polish" school, it was surmised, could fail to be pleased. These preparations reached the ears of the admiral, and when he went on board he gave not a glance to the faultless paint-work or the brightly burnished metal, but proceeded to inspect the ship and the crew, and put the latter through drills. It is said that he did not make very favourable comments on his visit. There is no doubt that there never was a time like the present, thanks to various recent reforms, which need not be specified, when gunnery received more thorough-going, conscientious attention in the British Navy. Even if the gun's crews of Her Majesty's ships do not shoot as well as they might, there is no doubt that they are superior to the gunners in other navies in this, as in most other respects.

It is hoped that the authorities may deal more generously with the seaman gunners of the fleet, for these men go through a long course of training, and to gain promotion to warrant rank must not only show high mental attainments, but lead exemplary lives. A seaman who attains a second class certificate for gunnery receives twopence a day additional pay, and twopence more when he gains a first class, with a further twopence if he becomes captain of an ordinary gun, fourpence if a turret gun, and sixpence if he has the great luck to become captain of a turret. Supposing he is promoted to be a gunner (who is a warrant officer), he receives 5*s.* 6*d.* a day, rising

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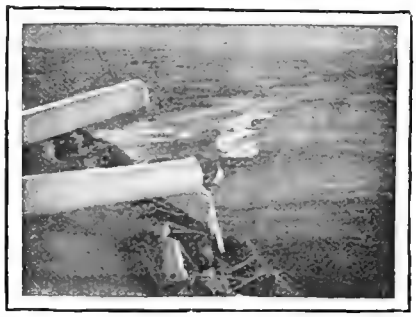
after fifteen years to 9*s.* 6*d.*, and if he is promoted to chief gunner his income is 10*s.* a day, and is increased after twelve years to 12*s.* Further than this he cannot go, for, unlike the army, the commissioned ranks are not open to the lower deck. This is the rule, but there are three exceptions, one being Gunner Sims, who was promoted to lieutenant for his splendid services at Ladysmith, and the other two lieutenants—Gunner R. A. Cathie and Chief Boatswain Webber—who are "Jubilee memorials," and won their commissions in Egypt in the eighties. Against these exceptions must be set the fact that four chief, and other, warrant officers have been recommended for commissions by their captains, but have not received them. Warrant officers have been styled by Lord Charles Beresford "the backbone of the service," and he has never concealed his desire to render it possible for the most deserving of this most important class to become lieutenants. Of course, the social difficulty is the excuse for the attitude of the authorities in this matter, but there are many "shore billets" which could be better filled than they are at present by warrant officers, and as they would not mess with other officers, no offence could be given. Every reform in the Army and Navy takes time to secure, and the warrant officers have so many friends to their cause in Parliament, as well as among the executive officers themselves, that, no doubt, a further step in the ladder will eventually be opened to them.



From a Photo.

Washing out a 67-ton gun. The hose is put in at the breach and the dirty water pours out at the muzzle.

That the change is so long in coming carries no reflection on the officers of the fleet. No one who has come in contact with

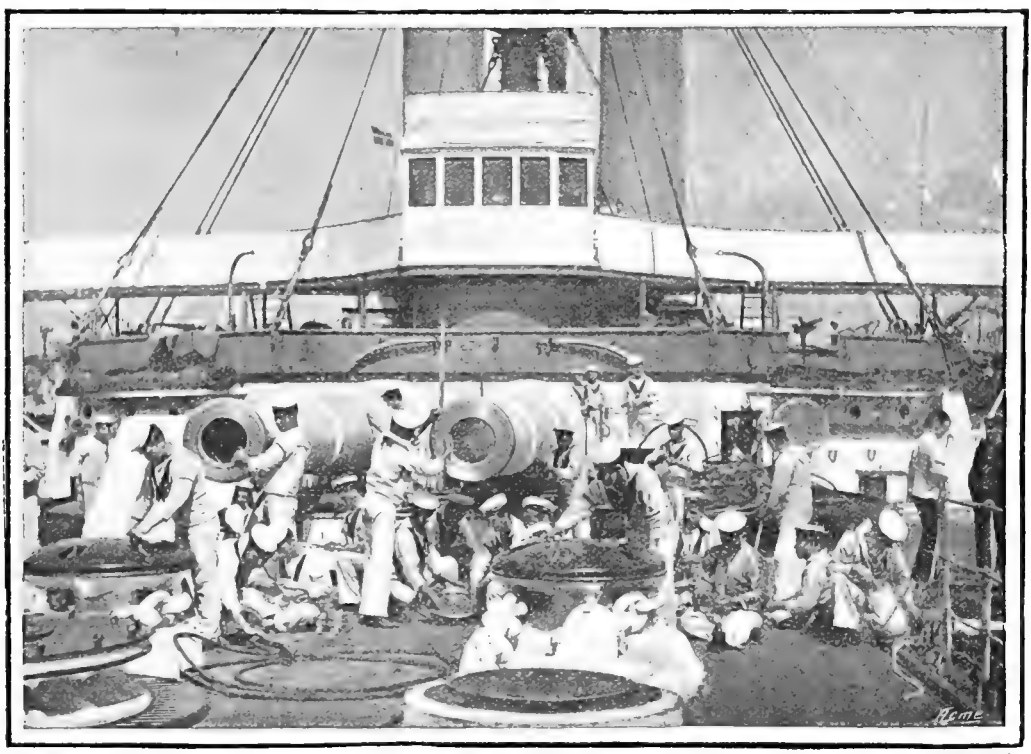


Photo by Reinhold Thiele.

Cleaning the big guns on the *Royal Sovereign*.

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them would say a word in disparagement of them, of their devotion to the Queen's service, and to the best interests of the men under them.

The rawest army recruit may set his ambition on the position of quartermaster, with the honorary rank of lieutenant, and pay of from 9*s.* to 16*s.* 6*d.* a day, and he may even rise to dizzy heights, as have General Hector Macdonald and many other officers. A similar outlook for every seaman is surely not too great a boon to offer to the men who stand between us and annihilation.

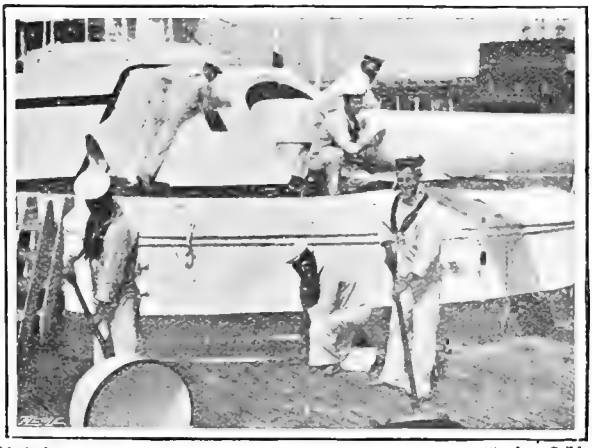

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Cleaning guns and sweeping decks.

This is a diversion from the paint and polish traditions. The process by which soap, holy-stone, rags for cleaning brasswork, and other material for keeping a ship bright as the morning is obtained is as remarkable as it is amusing. The authorities provide quite insufficient quantities of these commodities, and consequently the supply is augmented from the profits of the "scran-bag"—a quaint and highly ingenious institution of the Navy. A ship must be tidy as the typical best parlour, and though men know this, they frequently leave their things about. They become consequently liable to punishment, but some officer, with a good business head on his shoulders, instituted the "scran-bag"—which exists in all Her Majesty's warships—so as to avoid dealing severely with the men. When one of the ship's police finds an article lying about — clothes, boots, towels, ditty-boxes, anything, in fact—where it should not be, he quietly appropriates it and conveys it to the "scran-bag." Every Thursday afternoon, "rope-yarn Sunday" the sailors call it, for it is the day devoted to clothes-making and mending, and other useful purposes, this wonderful and capacious bag is opened and men gather round in a crowd claiming their property. For every article they are fined one penny, which is supposed to be equivalent to an inch of soap. In this way the most careless and untidy men contribute most towards the cost of cleaning the ship, while those who fail within a month to secure their goods, be it serge jumper or duck trousers, have the joy of seeing their property used as rags for applying the soap and polish to paintwork and brass. There is a rude philosophy, it will be seen, underlying this custom.

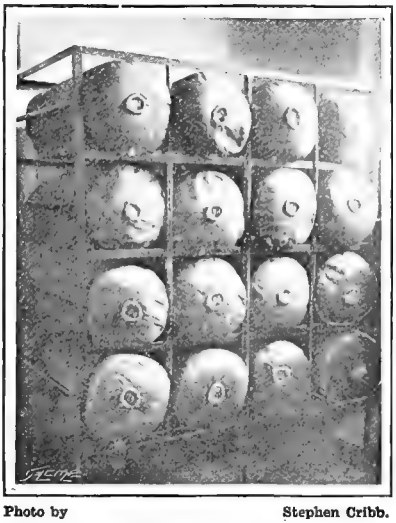

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The bag-rack. All kits are kept here, every bag being numbered and painted yellow.

Sometimes a special "scran-bag" is organised on a hint from the commander or first lieutenant to the master-at-arms that he intends to have a general clean up and will want plenty of soap. The men have a habit of putting their night clothing in some of the many corners near their mess, some even utilising the kettles, and other culinary utensils, in their desire to save themselves the trouble of dragging up their bags from the racks in the deck below. To a master-at-arms the hint that soap is needed leads to a search while the men are above at divisions, and by the time they are dismissed, he and the ship's corporals have quite a big selection of articles of various kinds, which the owners are allowed to redeem at once if they care to pay twopence—a double fine. As the spoil consists of clothes that they will need soon, men usually pay up cheerfully to avoid figuring in the report of the master-at-arms to the commander.

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My Lady's Lover
In silk and lace with courtly grace
My Lady's Lover bowed,
Or at her feet in worship sweet
A life's devotion vowed;
Her dainty hand through Saraband,
And gay Gavotte he led,
Or—daring thought!—a suppliant, sought
Her rosy lips instead!
Broadcloth and tweed may supersede
Point-lace and cloth of gold,
And "tailor-made" the stiff brocade
And farthingale of old;
No more, perchance, may lost Romance
Our modern pulses thrill,
But Lover's sighs and Ladies' eyes
Its speech remember still!
M. J. Farrah.
J. Cameron.

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WHOSE CHRISTIAN NAME WAS JOHN

By Ellis Acland.

A smart parlour-maid opened the door. It was my first visit since the Greville Russell's marriage, and they evidently knew how to do things in style.

"Mrs. Russell is not at home, but Miss Forsyth is in the drawing-room," and as she gave me this information, she held the door at quite an inviting angle and seemed to expect me to walk in.

It was aggravating that Mrs. Russell was out, and I racked my brains to try to remember what I had heard about Miss Forsyth. I had a hazy idea that Russell had mentioned that one of their bridesmaids, an American girl, was staying with them.

It was extremely hot on that doorstep. I took out my card case and commenced to say that I would call again.

The girl looked surprised, almost hurt, and held the door wide open. I got a glimpse of a lovely cool hall, a perfect bower of ferns and foliage.

That vision of Paradise on that August afternoon settled the job; it was impossible to argue on that scorching doorstep, so I walked in.

Once past the rubicon I was given no time for consideration. The maid tripped upstairs, and as it would have been absurd to stand in the hall and say I had never heard of Miss Forsyth, I followed her meekly.

She threw open a door, and instead of announcing me in the usual way, drew back suddenly and saying:

"Miss Forsyth is expecting you; she said you would be here about three," she bolted down a back staircase, and left me standing (a miserable picture of indecision) on the landing.

The constitutional dislike to exertion which has afflicted me from birth had led me into this ridiculous position. I was to walk in unannounced on a strange young lady and say:

"I hear you are expecting a fellow. I know I am not the right fellow, but I am acquainted with Greville Russell. Please, therefore, accept me in the right fellow's place."

I felt certain that Miss Forsyth would not see the logic of this, and that I should come to grief; however, I took my courage in both hands (which is not easy to do when you already have your hat in one) and walked into—an empty room!

It was a relief to my mind, and yet it was in a sense a disappointment.

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It was a pretty room, but the thing that struck me most was a portrait of a lovely girl hanging on a screen.

"If this were Miss Forsyth, she was well worth looking at," and with this thought I went closer to examine it.

In so doing I happened to glance behind the screen—and there lay the original of the portrait fast asleep.

As I have before stated it was a hot day, and she was no doubt tired of waiting for this lunatic (I am now referring to the other fellow), who was half-an-hour late.

I do not know why I should call the fellow names for she was distractingly pretty and after all his loss was my gain.

Nevertheless I should never have dared to awaken her and should probably have departed on tip-toe, but for the fact that my professional eye detected something unusual in her position.

I looked more attentively at her; she might have fainted and fallen on the sofa, but it was inconceivable that any living woman should have placed herself in such an attitude for the purpose of sleeping.

I took hold of one of her hands, it was the left, and there was a flashing diamond ring on the third finger; it hung nerveless in mine—she was quite unconscious!

Here was a nice position for a bachelor doctor. I had intruded on a strange lady's privacy without a shadow of excuse, and just before my arrival she had fainted.

She might have fainted and fallen on the sofa.

Of course, I made matters worse by trying to bring her round, forgetting my awkward position and acting on impulse in my usual mad way.

I opened all the windows, and seizing a large feather fan, began to wave it about energetically.

The dear little golden curls on her forehead (have I said that she was fair as an angel?) waved in the breeze.

Was that a flicker of her long lashes, or was it only an effect of the light? She drew a long sigh, I retreated a step or two and began to feel how awkwardly I was placed.

The white eyelids opened slowly and disclosed large dark blue eyes, which rested on mine. They were so lovely that I should probably have lost my head altogether, but for their having a dazed look which appealed to my chivalrous instincts.

"Jack! Dear Jack!" she breathed softly, with a fluttering sigh.

So the fellow who ought to have arrived at three o'clock was christened John. Now as John is my name, I regarded the choice of his godfathers and god-

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mothers as a great impertinence and a personal insult!

I went up to my lovely patient just as her eyes were again closing, and took her hand.

"You have not been very well," I said in a soothing manner and with my professional air, "I trust you are feeling better."

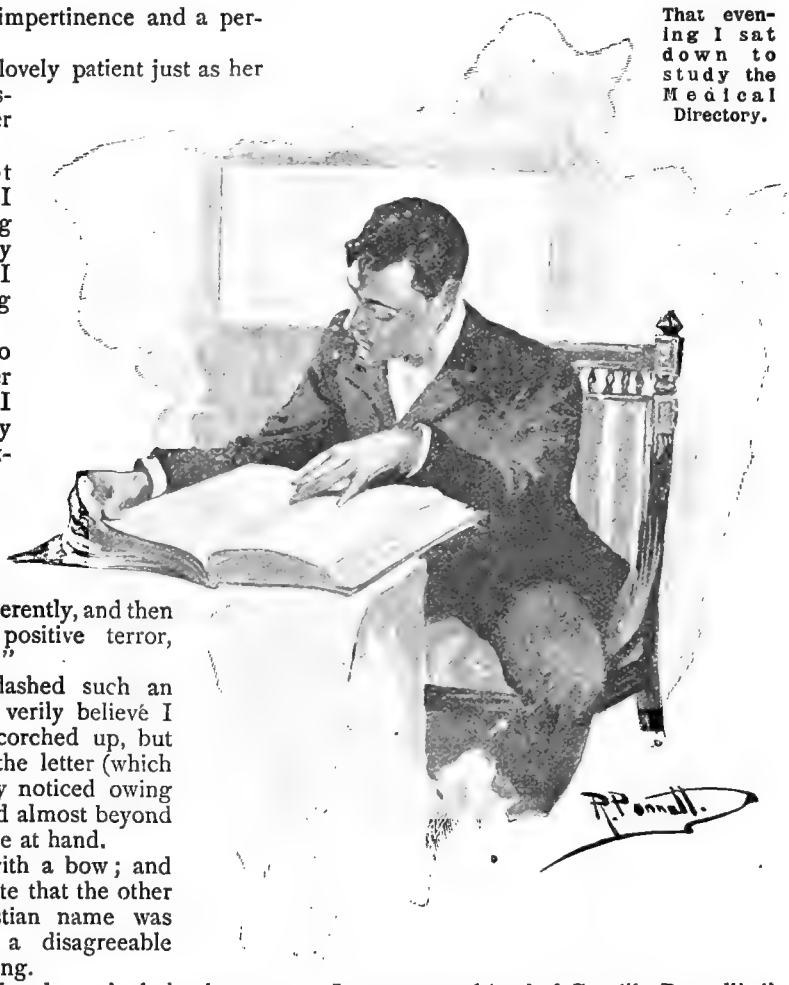
I had hoped to rouse her to fuller consciousness. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations.

She sprang to her feet.

"Who are you? How dare you?" she stammered incoherently, and then with a look of positive terror, "Where's my letter?"

Her blue eyes flashed such an indignant fire, that I verily believe I should have been scorched up, but for the chance that the letter (which I had not previously noticed owing to its being crumpled almost beyond recognition) was close at hand.

I gave it to her with a bow; and I made a mental note that the other fellow, whose Christian name was John, had written a disagreeable letter instead of coming.



That evening I sat down to study the Medical Directory.

The moment her hand touched the letter she regained her self control and began to talk in an easy, conversational manner.

"It was foolish of Mabel to fetch a doctor! I should have been all right. Where is Mabel?"

I had already made such an ass of myself that I hardly dared to risk anything, but I supposed that Mabel was Russell's wife, whom I had never yet seen; so I hastened to explain that I had come to pay a first call on Mrs. Russell, and being shown upstairs had found a lady unconscious.

"How very foolish of Jane, to show you upstairs when she must have known that Mabel was out." Her manner was severe and betokened a lecture for the pretty parlour-maid later on.

I felt that if I explained more fully I might get turned out, and I was past considering Jane's feelings, however pretty she might be.

"I am a great friend of Greville Russell's," I said hypocritically, "you may have heard him mention me—Jack Fortescue."

I purposely accentuated the Christian name. She blushed scarlet. I felt a brute and relieved myself by swearing inwardly at my namesake.

"I have often heard of you," she replied; "my own name is Sybil Forsyth, and I am stopping with Mabel Russell; and now I should be so much obliged to you, Dr. Fortescue"—how charming my own name sounded in those silvery tones—"if you will not tell anyone of my fainting fit."

I hesitated what to say, and she went on in a coaxing tone that was irresistible:

"It looks so silly to faint—so missish and sentimental. I suppose it was the heat"—here the open window caught her eye, and she finished audaciously—"there was a great

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want of ventilation in this room. No doubt you noticed it!"

I hastened to agree with her. I was past having any will of my own and was approaching imbecility. I asserted that all my lady patients were always fainting everywhere. It was becoming an epidemic.

She opened her lovely eyes wider than ever, as if to complete my subjugation, and said with a strong American accent:

"How vurry trying!"

She had hardly uttered the words when a jolly voice floated up the staircase. She sprang to her feet with an alarmed look.

"That's Mabel and her husband," she said in a thrilling whisper, catching at my arm for support; "they are coming upstairs! How shall I tell them? What shall I do?"

I put my hand on the little one that rested so confidingly on my arm, although I was absolutely ignorant of what she meant. "Don't tell them anything," I said sturdily, "I'll stick by you! Leave it all to me!"

We started apart guiltily as Greville Russell burst in, followed by a stout pleasant-looking lady in a wonderful bonnet.

Russell seized me by both hands and worked my arms up and down like a pump handle.

"To think of its being you, my dear boy!" he gasped out spasmodically (still pumping for dear life). "I never, never was so pleased!"

"Yes, indeed, that's true," chimed in his wife, who seemed to have entirely forgotten that we had never been introduced. "I really thought he would have kissed Jane when he discovered the truth."

I began to feel confused and looked at Miss Forsyth to see if she could prompt me. Mrs. Russell's arm encircled her waist and as I looked at her she dropped her head on that lady's capacious breast and remained hidden from view.

I would have given a good round sum to know whether she was laughing or crying, or whether like myself she only wanted a few moments to collect herself.

"It's very kind of you and Mrs. Russell to receive me like this," said I, for I really was charmed with their cordiality, and after all it seemed a good safe thing to say.

"Receive you like this!" repeated Mrs. Russell shrilly. "Why we don't know how to make enough of you; to think that Sybil's lover, to whom she has been engaged so long, should turn out to be Greville's dearest friend!"

As this remarkable sentence fell on my astonished ears, Miss Forsyth raised her head and uttered a sharp exclamation. It was probably meant for a disclaimer, but no one but myself heard it, as directly Mrs. Russell finished a sentence, Greville took up his part in the duet.

"And you were so close about it, Jack, old boy," slapping me on the shoulder; "why I positively never knew that you had been to New York."

I gave a sickly grin and waited for the soprano to recommence, which she did at once.

"Sybil was naughty and mischievous, too," softly stroking the girl's sunny hair with a loving hand, "declining to tell us anything about her Jack?"

That was a comfort, and relieved my mind somewhat.

"It was quite a wonder though, Mabel," broke in Greville, "that we did not guess when Sybil let out that her lover was a doctor with a London practice!"

The mischief he was! I had been half mad with jealousy ever since the mention of her having been engaged "so long!"

What period of time does a woman call "so long?" What a pity it is that people will express themselves in this loose and indefinite manner!

Well! I had had about enough of it, and felt that every moment added to the danger of detection; the mention of my London practice (which is, in truth, not so very extensive) reminded me that a medical man has the pull over other professions, and can always get away if he likes, so I invented a lady patient who was ill, and took a hurried leave, promising to dine with them the next night.

Sybil came out of her retirement, rather flushed, and looked at me with a reproachful gleam in her eyes, which I thought unfair, as, although a man may be a good actor, and willing to say anything to oblige a lady, yet if the performance be unrehearsed and the lady declines to prompt—"Why! Ring down the curtain, say I!"

Now all my energies were bent on finding my "hated rival," as they used to say in the old melodramas, so that evening I sat down to study the Medical Directory.

It was an entrancing work. There were an appalling number of medical men in London whose Christian names were John! I had no idea that people were so conservative and showed so little originality in naming their children.

I shut the book up in despair just as Jane

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walked in. I was delighted to see her. Somehow I always felt that girl would help us.

She looked very solemn, and was the bearer of a dear little note from Sybil, which ran:

"Please give Jane something for her neuralgia, and meet me to-morrow at ten o'clock at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens."

Not an unnecessary word, as the reader will observe.

I turned to Jane.

"Can you bring Miss Forsyth to Kensington Gardens to-morrow morning?"

"I am to do so, sir," she answered readily.

"Only if your neuralgia," I corrected severely, "which you have forgotten to mention, is better."

She blushed. I found a bottle and began to fill it.

"I am so sorry I made such an unfortunate mistake to-day, sir," she faltered.

"You made a serious and grave error, Jane," I replied severely.. "Miss Forsyth was certainly expecting a fellow, but I was not the right fellow."

She looked at me with respectful sympathy in every line of her face.

"So I have been told, sir."

Now it is always well to have a friend at Court, so I pushed the bottle and a sovereign towards her simultaneously, as I said:

"The other fellow made an appointment and failed to keep it, which is an unpardonable offence. When you have a sweetheart, Jane" (I saw in a moment that she had one), "you will know that sort of thing cannot be allowed."

She fired up in an instant.

"I wouldn't stand such a thing from my young man"—with such a toss of her head,—"He'd better try it on!"

"Of course you would not stand it," I agreed soothingly, "no girl with any spirit would; so Miss Forsyth and I have agreed to give him a lesson."

I dared not express myself more definitely, I was afraid of being led on to say more than was wise, so I stood up.

She at once moved towards the door and said in a most demure manner:

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness in prescribing for my neuralgia, and I'm sure I hope that my unfortunate mistake will not have any serious consequences."

I fancied there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes. Was it possible that the girl was making fun of me?

She turned about in the doorway and said, with greater demureness than ever.

She looked down at the gravel, and began to poke holes in it with the tip of her sunshade.

"I don't think Miss Forsyth would break her heart if the other gentleman, Mr. Thornton I think she called him, never turned up at all!"

"Thornton! Great Scot! Thornton!" I sprang to my feet as the door closed on her. Sybil engaged to John Thornton! Short, podgy, middle-aged Thornton, who had the audacity to disagree with my treatment the only time we met in consultation! It was a desecration.

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I dreamt of John Thornton all night. He oppressed me like a nightmare, and Thornton is no light weight let me tell you. It passes my comprehension how he can lace up his own boots without giving himself a fit.

It was all very well for Jane (who no doubt wanted to make a return for the sovereign) to say that Sybil "would not break her heart," but I had the evidence of my own ears, and that "Jack, dear Jack," which applied to Thornton, seemed so absurdly inappropriate, rang in them most unpleasantly!

I was early at the Round Pond, but there was a soldier and a nursemaid with a mail-cart before me. They walked away down a leafy avenue, and I distinctly saw a red-coated arm steal round the girl's waist.

That is where those sort of people have the advantage over the upper classes, they can make love anywhere, and have no false shame about it.

Just as I was immersed in these reflections and envying the soldier, Sybil came, walking very fast, and with Jane (most discreet of chaperones) lagging behind and most interested in the growth of some water lilies.

We went up a leafy avenue (not the same one) and sat down on a seat, and she looked so charming that I had a good mind to imitate the soldier.

She thanked me for my kindness in meeting her, and said the situation was "awful," and what were we to do?

Encouraged by the "we," I replied boldly:

"Why do anything? It is too hot for exertion. Why not let things slide?"

She looked properly shocked, of course; she was bound to do so.

"That's what you did yesterday," she retorted most unfairly, as I think; "you were too lazy to contradict Mabel and her husband when they made that ridiculous mistake, and so we got into this mess!"

"I beg your pardon," I said angrily, for that word "ridiculous" was really too much. "I had no wish to contradict Greville or his wife. They credited me with being your lover, a position to which I hardly dared to aspire."

She looked down at the gravel, and began to poke holes in it with the tip of her sunshade. I went on calmly:

"It is only natural that you should object to such an unwarrantable assumption on their part, and of course *you* can undeceive them as soon as you like, but I really do not see why *I* should be expected to do so."

It was a long sentence and a bit involved, but I knew she understood, because the excavations continued, and were rapidly assuming a scale that threatened to bring a park keeper down on us before long.

"But we are bound to be found out some day," she said faintly.

"I don't see why we should be 'found out.' I asserted stoutly, "unless the other fellow" (somehow I shrank from mentioning Thornton's name), "with whom I presume you have had a tiff, should turn up."

The excavations ceased (just in time). She looked at me with a face dimpled over with smiles, perfectly bewitching.

"Oh! The other fellow, as you call him, won't turn up," she said with a most roguish expression, "he's married someone else!"

I used some strong language; in fact, I was so astonished that I don't know what I said.

She appeared to be complimented by the reality of my surprise; anything less like the accepted idea of a jilted damsel I never saw!

"I fainted with the relief of knowing I need not marry him," she confided with the first trace of shyness I had seen. "I had promised dad over in America (he made up the match you know) that I would do so, and then the horror of it got on my nerves."

"Why did your father—?" I commenced, but she interrupted—

"Oh! Dad thought that Mr. Thornton, being older, would steady me. It was great nonsense, and, anyway, he was not a very attractive man!"

"You expected him to call yesterday at three?" I asked.

"Yes, and Jane had orders to show the gentleman up and she mistook you for him, laughingly.

"And just before my arrival you had a letter from Thornton," I prompted.

"Saying he was afraid I was too young and inexperienced and that he had married a widow."

After this we had quite a long talk and I represented that as she could hardly like me worse than she had liked Thornton, and might like me a deal better; it was a pity not to give me a fair trial before cutting me adrift.

She seemed to be impressed by this line of reasoning, and we parted on the understanding that she would let things alone for the present.

I was to dine at Greville's house that day, she explained, and she did not wish me to go there without having had a previous rehearsal.

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I dined in St. Peter's Square.

No sooner was I free from the glamour of her presence, than I remembered "Jack, dear Jack!"

Now that I had heard her explanation, it seemed pretty certain that whoever "dear Jack" might be, he was not Thornton!

Of course, a lovely girl like this might have heaps of lovers, but who the Satanic Majesty was "dear Jack"?

We had buried John Thornton with the epitaph—"He was not a very attractive man!" Was it possible that there was still another "hated rival" whose Christian name was John?

I dined in St. Peter's Square. Greville was tiresome and persisted in talking about Sybil's father and the journey to America which he supposed me to have made.

I laid low and said as little as possible while Sybil came to my rescue nobly, turning the conversation at awkward times and never once losing her self-possession.

We soon had another meeting in Kensington Gardens and concocted a letter to her father in which Sybil told him of Thornton's marriage and casually mentioned that a doctor friend of Greville's was paying her a good deal of attention.

On this occasion, I plucked up courage to tell her how I had overheard the exclamation "Jack, dear Jack," and asked her to tell me frankly to whom this referred?

She was awfully startled, and looked at me with such an indescribably reproachful air that I was more puzzled than ever.

To my great astonishment she absolutely declined to ease my mind about this other Jack, and did it with such decision that I felt I should never dare to refer to the matter again; and yet it must be cleared up.

We parted bad friends and by exerting all my strength of mind, I stayed away from Greville's house for three whole days. What endless days they were too.

When I did go, things were no better; Sybil did not come downstairs until Mrs. Russell joined me, and then was more stiff and shy than I had ever seen her.

Mabel Russell who evidently noticed this and no doubt thought we had quarrelled, took up some yellow roses that were lying about and stuck some in Sybil's waist belt.

"Do they not look pretty?" she asked.

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"Very charming," I answered, and then, turning to Sybil, I asked pointedly, "May I beg for one?"

"And spoil the effect!" she answered poutingly, at the same time detaching a rose and holding it out.

As I took it from her our fingers touched, and she drew hers away hurriedly. I was not discouraged at this, as I felt sure that she was quite clever enough to have avoided touching me had she wished to do so.

Mabel Russell, who is really the dearest little woman, still seemed to think she could set matters right.

"Put it in his coat yourself, Sybil," she said reproachfully. "I always did so for Greville when we were engaged."

Sybil turned on her without giving herself time to think.

"You managed your lover your own way, Mabel," she said impulsively—"kindly allow me to do the same with mine!"

She was much confused at this slip, and took her revenge by being most unamiable for the next hour. Even Greville, who is like most of us naturally unobservant, noticed how persistently she snubbed me. The result was that as we were smoking after dinner he suddenly remarked:

"If you marry Sybil, I suppose I ought rather to say, as, of course, she came over on purpose to be married, *when* you marry Sybil, you'll have your hands full."

I gave an inane grin and made no answer, being occupied in registering a vow that if Sybil came to England on purpose to be married she should not return a spinster.

Greville took my silence for assent, and went on:

"She had quite a breeze with Mabel this morning. We missed one of your photos. Mabel is not sure where she saw it last, but it seems to be gone, and we suggested, of course, in fun, that Jane, whose duty it is to dust the knick-knacks, had taken a fancy to you and boned it."

A thrill ran through me, and I began to see light.

"And Sybil was indignant at the suggestion?" I asked airily.

"Perfectly furious!" he responded laughing. "She's a charming girl, but an awful spitfire!"

I left earlier than usual that night; I had food for reflection. There was a roughly dressed man walking up and down outside. As I passed him he grinned quietly, but perceptibly.

I went to the end of the square, and came slowly back; he was still there. Was it a case of "My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane?" It looked like it.

I hummed a few bars of that immortal ditty as I passed him. He evidently recognised the tune, and grinned again.

I determined to risk addressing him.

"Are you expecting Jane to come out to-night?" I asked.

He looked embarrassed, and, taking off his cap, stood twirling it in his hands.

"She said as how she might come out," he muttered. "There's no harm in my waiting about on the chance," defiantly, "I'm keeping company with Jane."

"No harm at all," I assented heartily. "I am anxious to speak to Jane myself, if you have no objection. You may have heard her mention me, Dr. Fortescue."

"Lor! bless you, sir, I've seen you go in and out. I know all about you and the young lady. Rum go! I call it."

We both waited till our pretty Jane appeared, rather alarmed to find two swains where she expected one.

I went straight to the point.

"There has been a fuss about a photo, Jane," I said eagerly. "Where is it?"

"The one my mistress was asking about, sir?" she answered readily. "It's in Miss Sybil's room."

"How long has it been there?" I asked.

"Almost ever since she came to the Square, sir."

I considered this last reply, rather puzzled.

"Are you sure that the photograph was in Miss Sybil's room before the first time I called?" I asked eagerly.

"Lor' yes sir!" very emphatically, "that was how I made the mistake of sending you upstairs. I'd seen the photo, and when I set eyes on you, I said to myself, here's Miss Sybil's proper lover!"

So I had been jealous of my own shadow! Sybil had come to London, engaged to John Thornton and not caring for him a bit. Russell had talked to her about Jack Fortescue—she had seen my photo, and taken a girlish fancy to it.

When she opened her eyes after her fainting fit, and was only semi-conscious, she had addressed me as her "dear Jack," accepting me as part of a dream!

I need scarcely add that it did not take us long to settle our differences, and that "our Pretty Jane," who arranged things satisfactorily with her young man about the same time, had a handsome wedding present.

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When an Army Encamps.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

By Hector Grainger.

The site for an army camp is generally chosen by the Royal Engineers, who are guided in their choice, mainly, and especially in the case of a cavalry camp, by the proximity of water. Then comes the laying out and pitching of tents, the digging of trenches, and labours innumerable, which are gone through with the swiftness and dexterity which only long practice can give. The pitching of the tents, especially, is a piece of work that an unpracticed hand would bungle hopelessly. And even a soldier when a high wind is blowing, finds it one of his most disagreeable duties. Lord Wolseley in one of his military works advises the officers to get their men, when nothing important is doing, to practice the art of pitching tents—to practice it every day, if possible. The operation is somewhat as follows. Six men are numbered off for the pitching of each tent, they stand at "order," and at the word of command, one of their number drives a peg to mark where the pole is to rest. The pegs for fixing the corners of the tent cloth are in the meantime distributed among the others; two men unpack the tent, stretch it flat on the ground, insert the pole, and upon the command, "raise tents!" get it into a vertical position; then the tent cloth is pegged down, the whole operation taking, under favourable circumstances, only one or two minutes to complete.

I have said above that the site for a camp most favoured by the Royal Engineers is one in the close neighbourhood of a river or a lake, water being the most vital necessity of an encamping host. Yet enough is as good as a feast, and an amusing calamity which befel a regiment at present engaged in South Africa proves that an immoderate supply of water entails discomforts almost as great as the want of it. Towards evening, after a day of intense heat, it began to rain in torrents, such as only those who have been in South Africa can imagine. The tents had been pitched in a slight hollow, and towards midnight the situation became alarming. The water penetrated the roofs of the tents, and swamped the men and their kits. Many of the tents had no less than six inches of water in them, and the unhappy occupants were compelled to turn out bare-legged, and with no other covering but their overcoats, to dig trenches and drain the water off. Everything was in a state of chaos, kitchens swamped and stores destroyed, so that the men fared very poorly the next day.

Of course the laying out of a cavalry camp is much more intricate than that of an

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infantry camp, for here the horse has to be considered, and its wants are legion. What with watering, shoeing, grooming, feeding, the cavalryman is by no means finished with his day's labour when entering the camp in the evening. During mere manœuvres these various duties are attended to with unvariable punctuality; but during warfare the horses must be looked after at all spare moments, and have, sometimes, poor beasts, as hard a time as the men. In such a war as that in South Africa the horses suffered severely, not merely from the climate, which is perhaps the most trying in the world for animals not born and bred in it, but also on account of the nature of the fighting, which consists so largely of sudden attacks, night marches, and surprises that it has been impossible to observe strict punctuality in looking after the horses. It is stated that they have on more than one occasion, scarcely tasted a drop of water during a whole day of hard fighting.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Shoeing horses.

When a charge or a battle is over and the cavalry return into camp, the men, before looking after their own wants, carefully examine their horse's head, legs, and back, and see that their shoes are in order. Sprains are washed and bandaged, and wounds sewn up with the least possible delay. It is only when all this is done that the tired men move to their own quarters and attend to themselves. Every horse should be newly shod at least once a month. In an accompanying photograph a group of soldiers is shown engaged in shoeing two horses. The operation, always rather a ticklish one, is accomplished in the army with the skill and rapidity that only long practice can give. Few blacksmiths could rival Tommy Atkins in this branch of their own craft. The Commander-in-Chief has often expressed the opinion that not only the privates but also the officers of every cavalry

Photo by Sheaf.

Unpacking tents. This is one of the first duties of those who form a camp.

The tents are erected on the ground previously selected. This work is done by skilled hands, and occupies a remarkably short space of time.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

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Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Filling a field water-cart to convey water to a remote part of the camp.

regiment should be taught how to shoe a horse; he thinks it should form an item of the army examination.

The Army Service Corps, as most people are aware, is the body which attends to all the material wants of the soldier in war time and in manœuvres. The British Army, as recent events in South Africa have proved, is wanting in many qualities which go to make up a perfect military organisation such as Germany possessed at the time of the Franco-Prussian War; but nobody, not even the French military critic—always only too pleased to seize on, and to exaggerate anything to the discredit of our men—has any word to say against the Army Service Corps and the manner in which it performs its duty. And, mind you, it is no light thing to attend to the innumerable wants of thirty or forty thousand men, and all Englishmen to boot, who, one regrets to say, are certainly proner than other nations to grumble at any negligence that causes them material discomfort, especially where their "internal arrangements" are concerned.

In two of our photographs we give a view of kitchens, such as are in use when an army encamps. I am not aware how they have managed things in the Transvaal with regard to cooking and baking, but it seems to me that the kitchens here shown are more luxurious and elaborate than those which a campaigning army is usually accustomed to. The kitchens generally used are much simpler affairs, and consists as a rule of nothing more than a trench dug in the direction of the wind, and of such width that a kettle well placed on it rests about an inch on each side. Of course, if an army halts for any time things may be greatly improved, a mud chimney may be erected, and the draught trained and improved by the use of short pieces of hoop iron used as bars, which are stretched across the trench to make a place for each kettle, so that its position may be changed whenever necessary in order to prevent the contents of one being cooked before the other. Naturally, the wind is liable to change the next day, and then a new trench must be dug, though, of course, the same mud-chimney may be used whether the wind blows north, south, east or west.

When bread is baked in camp, the first necessity is an oven, and the simplest, yet the

Watering horses.

Photos by Sheaf.

Serving out fodder.

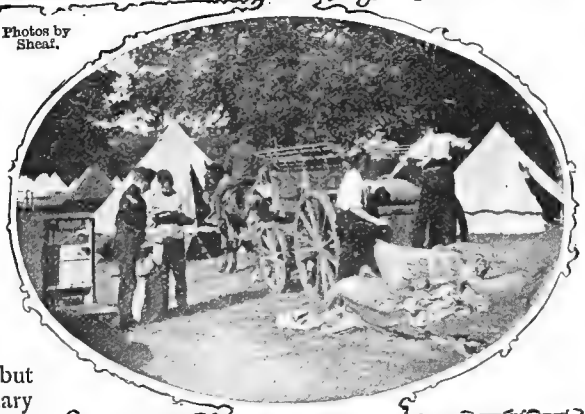

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Picketing horses and cleaning harness.

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Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Army butchers cutting up meat.

draught. A fire must then be lit inside the barrel and kept burning until all the wooden coating is destroyed and the mud coating hard and dry. You have then as fine an oven as any baker could wish for, and one which really takes very little labour to construct.

The difficulty of procuring fresh meat is a standing one in the Army, and especially in the army engaged in actual warfare. In a campaign such as the present one in South Africa, where the weather suddenly veers from bitter cold to almost tropical heat, it is next to impossible to keep meat fresh longer than a few hours, and the difficulty of keeping live sheep and oxen always in the wake of an army is almost insuperable in so rough and mountainous a country, and a country, moreover, in which grass is among one of the hardest things to procure. Of course, in sham fighting at home, the men have as much

most ingenious, way of making this is as follows. Take a barrel, and one with as many iron hoops as possible, sink it in a shallow trench, and cover it all over with a coating of about six to ten inches of thick fine, mud, always leaving one extremity open, which is to serve as the mouth of the oven. After this has been done, pile sand and dry earth to about a thickness of six inches over the mud, arrangement being made first of all for an opening of about three inches in diameter, which is left as a flue to increase the

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

Field kitchens packed for travelling and in field order.

meat as they like, though even then, it is not seldom in a condition which would drive the delicate civilian double-quick from the mess. We show in one of our photographs the butchers of the camp busily engaged in

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cutting up the meat rations for the day. I have on one occasion watched this operation myself, and I can assure all civilian butchers that their military colleagues have nothing whatever to learn from them in the gentle art of slicing up a sheep or an ox. As mentioned before, the Army

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

Tommies at their toilet. There is nothing which the soldier enjoys more, if he can be so fortunate as to obtain it as his morning wash. Readers will have noticed in reports from the front that many of our troops in South Africa have had to forego this luxury—a particular hardship in a hot country like the seat of war.

Hair cutting and shaving is a great work in camp. The men usually perform the office of barber in turn for one another.

Service Corps do their work with unusual proficiency, and are a credit to the force, but I should add that this does not by any means imply that the meals they prepare are such as would delight the palate of an epicure. Moreover, the Tommies are fond of playing pranks with the food of their comrades—practical jokes such as would give us nausea who grumble loudly when we discover a mere fly in our soup. A young man of my acquaintance—a Volunteer—told me with astonishing calmness that frequently on hot days during manœuvres the butter, in almost a liquid state, is served out to the men by pitching it inside the tent flap on to the straw sleeping mats. "The nuisance is," he went on to say, "that we have to pick it up again, and straw and butter do not naturally combine to make a savoury dish.

Photo by Sheaf.

The army baker going round the camp.

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Having seen the soldiers of both France and Germany, I can safely affirm that on one point at least we are their absolute superiors, and that is in the matter of cleanliness. The German soldier, to put it mildly, is an excessively dirty person, and his personal appearance leaves much to be desired. Nor is his French rival much comelier in appearance. Englishmen of all classes have an inherent respect for cleanliness, but the soldier, whether naturally so inclined or not, is compelled by stringent rule to keep himself neat and presentable. Of course, in time of manœuvres, or during actual warfare, he not infrequently has to go without washing for days on end, and must often sleep in all his clothes, but whenever possible he takes to the water like a Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, at present engaged in the Transvaal War, gave me some interesting details concerning the tribulations the men at the front have to endure with regard to their ablutions. With the fearful rays of the South African sun, which seem almost intenser than those of the Equator, beating down on them, it is impossible to wash in water like a Christian; it would mean nothing more nor less than causing the skin of the neck and face to rise in one vast blister. The men have to wash in grease—that is to say, smear themselves, shoulders, neck and face, with grease. Delightful! but there is no alternative. To give an idea of the intensity of the heat, my friend told me that he and his companions were washing their shirts one afternoon in the river. They were foolish enough to do so naked to the waist. Before a few hours had passed each of their backs was one vast blister!

LIVING MUMMIES.

I THINK that the European baby is on the whole best off as regards comfort. Whenever I see our young Britons in Hyde Park of a morning being gently wheeled about in those deliciously cosy-looking perambulators I invariably feel a pang of envy. Is it possible to imagine a pleasanter mode of travelling? In uncivilised lands the baby is not half so well off. Most of my readers have, doubtless, seen pictures showing how the African mother carries about her young. The poor little things, in most cases, have to sit on the woman's hip with their legs astride—an uncomfortable position, to say the least of it, especially as the African woman is in motion all day—working while her husband looks on and takes his ease. But more dolorous still is the fate of the unhappy papoose, and the wonder is that it ever grows into a healthy adult. Examine the accompanying unique photograph. The baby in its extraordinary case looks for all the world like a little Egyptian mummy. Not a limb can it move, nor turn the fraction of an inch from one side to the other: it must lie on its back without stirring, and often for hours on end. How the mother manages to get the child into position I have not the remotest idea.

Photo by The Smith-Hassell Co.

An Indian Squaw and her Papoose.

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A City of Queer Contrasts

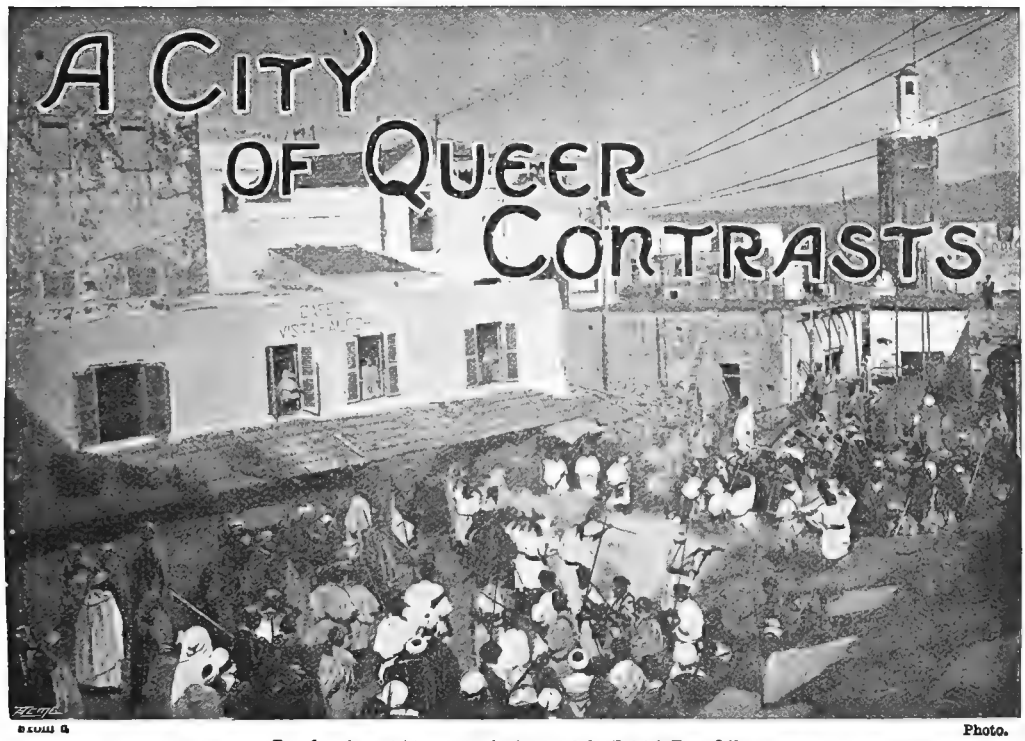

Photo.

Powder-play within a stone's throw of the British Post Office.

By Geoffrey Rhodes.

I doubt if anywhere else in the wide world it is possible to find a city containing so many queer contrasts as the one I am about to describe; and what is perhaps even more remarkable—and this I know for a fact—quite a large number of tourists visit it each year, and come away unaware of many of its incongruities. Though but a short three hours' journey from Gibraltar and civilisation, to which it is linked by a couple of cables, Tangier is in a country where a native Sultan has full sway, where the Koran is the only law of the land, and where slaves are still bought and sold; it is the point where the barbaric Orient and the civilised West meet.

Though governed by a Moorish Basha, Tangier contains a British Post Office, before which, during the fast of Ramadan this year, a countryman was flogged nearly to death by Moorish soldiers, for eating a piece of bread.

Perhaps the most curious contrast that startles the visitor to Tangier, is the co-existence of slaves and a telephone system, but if he prolongs his stay, he will see many others equally strange.

The photographs that accompany this article illustrate some of the more striking contrasts to be found within the walls of this remarkable city, although it has not been possible to deal pictorially with one-half of those that exist there. For instance, to start with, the crowd that surges to and fro in the narrow thoroughfares of Tangier would alone give a list of contrasts as long as the proverbial bill of mine host.

Half-naked jet black water-carriers are jostling white men in silk hats and frock coats, English ladies in gay dresses are threading their way through throngs of swathed Moorish women, while a British sailor may be seen dodging a camel caravan that is passing through the city.

The photograph at the head of this article was taken during the feast day that closes Ramadan. The Moorish soldiers then indulge in what is termed "powder-play." In plain language, it consists in firing blank cartridges at random in the streets. Not far off a party of Britishers in white flannels were availing themselves of a tolerable piece of ground, and a cricket match was in progress. As national sports these two offer a rather interesting comparison.

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Although, as a concession to the feelings of the many Europeans resident in Tangier, there is no longer an open slave market there, slaves are very much an actuality, and so is the telephone system that has about one hundred subscribers—the wires, by the way, appear in two of the illustrations.

In a place where the Koran represents the whole of the literature available for those who wish to be considered within the law, one would almost think the Moors would object to the weekly publication of so dangerous a thing as an English newspaper. Perhaps, however, it is tolerated because very few of their countrymen could read it even if they dared to obtain possession of a copy.

Another case of toleration that is, perhaps, not less remarkable, is the existence of a Roman Catholic Church and a Mohammedan place of worship, within a stone's throw of each other.

Of religious contrasts in Tangier there are no end. A synagogue and a Wesleyan chapel represents fairly opposite poles, while the sight of a Moor reading the Koran seated on the step of a shop that sells bibles is decidedly quaint.

From churches to schools is not a very big leap, and here again we find some curious opposites. On the one hand we see a fine building with large class rooms, where Spanish boys are educated under certificated masters, while on the other, we may see numerous Arab schools. In one I inspected, the master sat on the floor with the elder pupils squatting round him—as is usual in Eastern countries—while the younger members of the class were on shelves around the room, the smallest on the topmost shelf!

The last two photographs are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. They represent a jumble of East and West that is absolutely unique. It must be borne in mind that in a city where there are no vehicles of any kind, and beasts of burden represent the only means of getting about, and where the streets are unspeakably filthy, a man, when he has donned a white tie, is only too glad to mount any animal that will enable him to reach his destination without getting covered from head to foot in mud. But the list of extremes is not yet exhausted.

In Tangier you can eat a dinner cooked by a well-known French *chef* at the best hotel,

Photo by A. Cavilla.

A very queer contrast—barbarism and civilization. Slaves working on a roof with telephone wires overhead.

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AL-MOGHREB AL-AKSA

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOUNDED 1892 TANGIER, SATURDAY, 2nd DECEMBER 1899. No. 640

THE PLACE OF CONTRAST.

A VISIT TO THE KASBAH OF TANGIER

By Gabriele Rossetti

THE ITALIAN EMBASSY.

WEEKLY NOTES.

An English newspaper published in a country where ——

or you can suck a skewer dipped in chopped meat at a Moorish restaurant. You can insure your house against fire with a French or a Spanish company, or you can follow the Arab's example, and paint a red hand — Mohammed's hand—on the front door to keep away evil.

You can pay for things with the best made money in the world that has been stamped out at the British mint, or you can deal by means of Moorish coins, rough bits of metal.

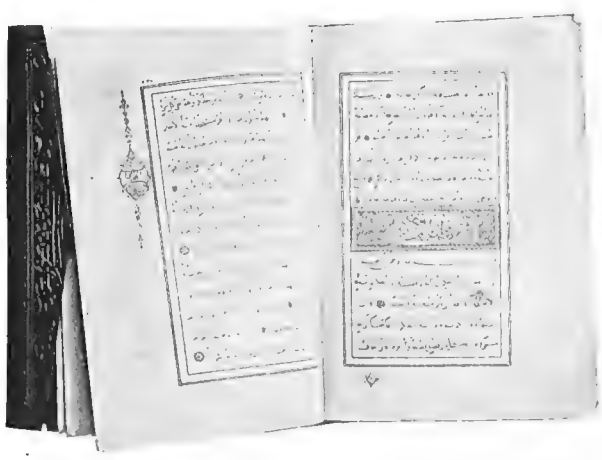
As I have mentioned before, there is an English Post-office in Tangier (you can buy stamps there with Arabic money!).

The fact that there is British law for the Britishers and Mohammedan law for the Moors, often leads to public examples of modes of dealing with criminals that assist the "city of contrasts" to live up to its reputation. I remember, for instance, on one occasion seeing a party of deserters from a British man-o'-war under arrest in Tangier enjoying a table d'hôte dinner in an English hotel and washing it down with claret, while, not half a mile away, one or two hundred Moorish prisoners had hardly enough bread and water to keep the life in their manacled limbs.

By the way, if you are ill it is equally easy in Tangier to employ a doctor or a magician, and you can cure yourself by means of the latest patent medicine or an amulet, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The local authorities of seaside resorts require to offer something sufficiently attractive to catch visitors in these days of keen competition, but Tangier is miles ahead of any of them. What chance would your Townsville-on-Sea, with its golf links, stand against a place that, in addition to hotels with all modern improvements and bathing machines on the front, has a racecourse, and, to cap all—and this is surely the greatest of contrasts—pirate craft in the offing!

Needless to say, the crews of the Riff feluccas are on their best behaviour while in Tangier Bay.

In a previous number of the ROYAL we gave a short account of the formidable Moroccan navy, which, as our readers will remember, consists of one small vessel, and obsolete at that. It follows that in the event of a war—with France, for instance—Tangier, and the whole coast of Morocco, is pretty certain to fare rather badly. But the army is by no means to be despised, and is likely to give any foe a pretty hot time of it. Like most of the armies of semi-barbarous nations,

—— it is punishable with death for a native to read anything but the Koran, of an Arabic copy of which the above is a photograph.

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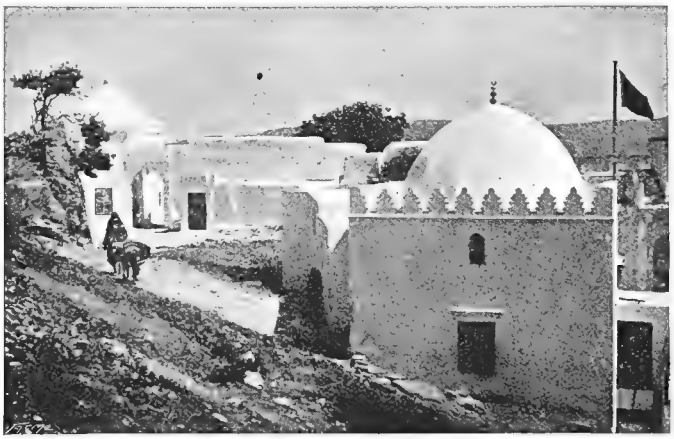


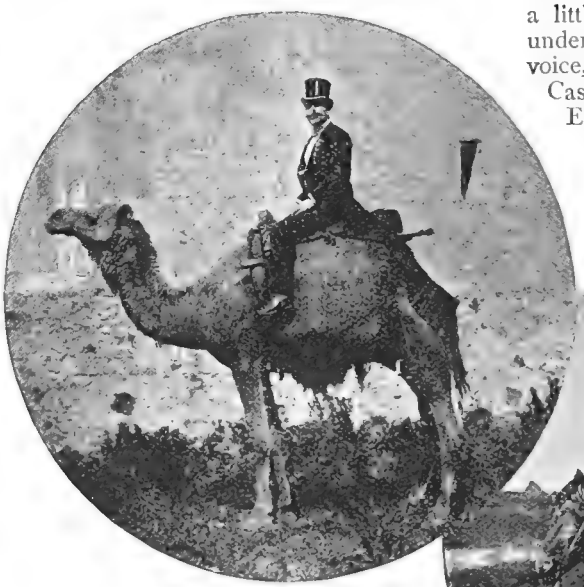
Photo by A. Cavilla.

The mosque and the Christian church are close together, forming a curious contrast.

it is doubtless lacking in weight and solidity, but makes up for these defects by a marvellous rapidity of movements which recent events in another part of the Dark Continent have taught us to regard as one of the most important virtues an army should possess.

all the drill orders are spoken *in English*. So that it comes about that you may pass a Moorish squad being drilled by a German, and hear the latter shout, "Right about turn!" and a little further on—behold another squad under a Frenchman, yelling to the top of his voice, "Queeck Mar-r-rch!"

Casting one's eye over the whole of the Empire of Morocco, one finds the same idea carried out. The country is a place of contrast, a place where romance and misery, beauty and hideousness, extravagance and poverty, go hand in hand.



A European resident riding upon a camel —

Photos by A. Cavilla.

— and a Moor upon a pony.

Yes, decidedly the French will have n "walk over," if their covetous ambitio should tempt them to grasp at the Sultan of Morocco's realm.

And highly characteristic are the methods employed for drilling this Moroccan army. The military in tructors are European, Frenchmen and Germans predominating, but

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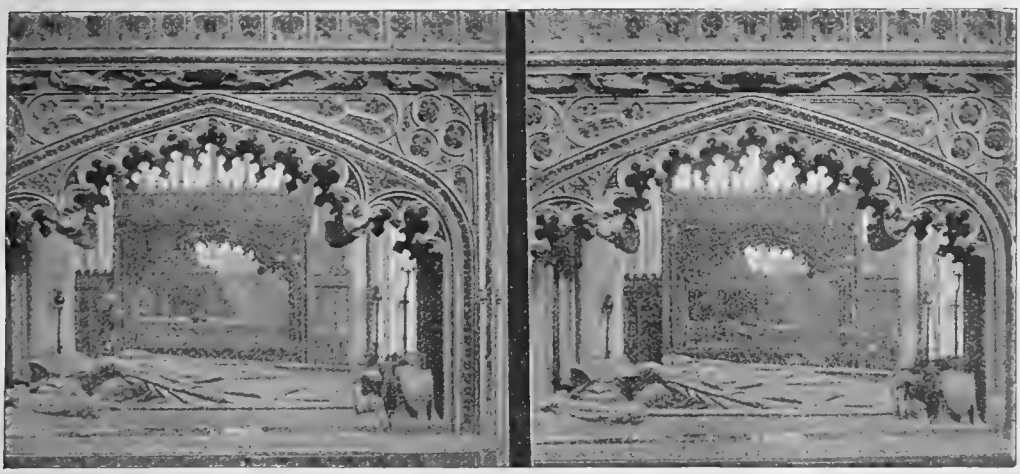
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Keeping School.



The Lady Chapel, Exeter Cathedral.

In an Indian Village.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* **2s.**, *post free.*

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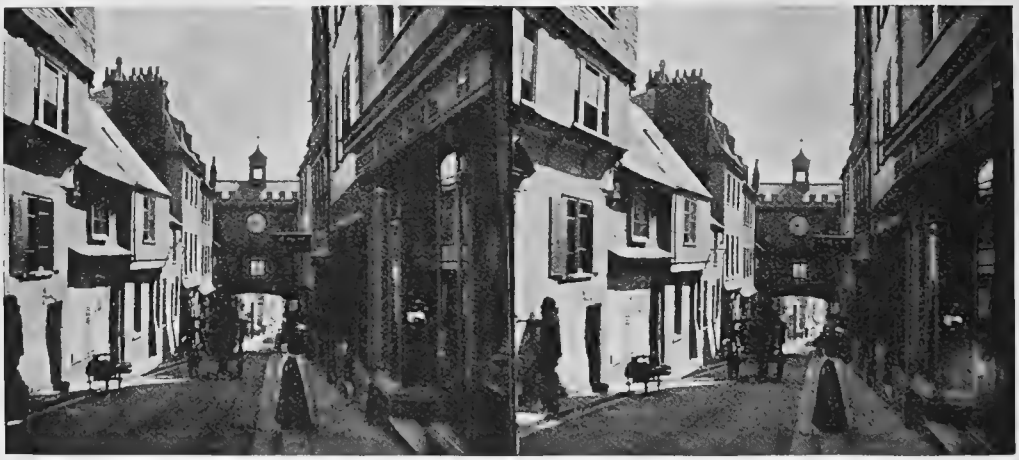

The East Gate of Totnes.

The Roman Maiden.

A Sculptured Group in the Gardens of Versailles.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W C , at* 2S., *post free.*

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"SAY, young man!"

The young man in question did not wish to say anything just then; did not wish either to answer or be spoken to; he was scarcely in a sociable humour. Man is only an animal after all—an animal in the beginning, to become an animal quickly again in times of stress and sickness; and thus, with an animal's instinct, to hide away and be alone in his sorrow.

And Harold Atherton was very sorrowful, and his sorrow was neither sentimental nor at all interesting; he was only suffering from that greatest sorrow of all, the agony of hunger, the pangs of poverty.

Not the poverty of Park Lane, which really cannot afford another new horse this season; nor the poverty of Peckham, which is obliged to travel second class; nor even the poverty of Pentonville, which buys its eggs at tenpence the dozen. But the poverty of everything that makes life worth living, the poverty of all that makes life even possible; the absolute poverty of pennilessness. The hunger for bread, the hunger too for sympathy, for companionship, encouragement, success; the hunger, in short, for life, almost the hunger for death. And first and last, always the hunger, positive and ever-present, the hunger for something—anything—to eat.

A stranger in a strange city, without friends, without money, practically starving; such was Harold Atherton at this present moment.

He had come to Paris to be a painter; he had begged his mother to let him go. He was all the poor widow had on earth; he remembered that only too late. He wanted so to be an artist; there was no other way but Paris. She yielded, as so many other fond mothers before her; she broke her heart afresh, her heart still bleeding from the loss of his father, and let him go—and so he came to Paris and studied. For two years he studied, with no other thought but his art; and then his mother died—died before he could reach her. She would not let them send him word that she was ill—it would interrupt his work, the work he loved; she would soon get better again—there was no need to worry the boy with her ailments.

Harold came home, an hour too late, and there watching alone through the dull, heavy night, his young heart nearly broke. He had never known how much she was to him, this poor mother he had not seen these two years; he had never known how much he had been to her, how much the sorrow of his absence had wearied and weakened her. And beside her bier he knelt and wept in remorse and bitter agony; and the morning came and the morning sun, and he stood up alone in all the world.

They found that the widow had died penniless, absolutely penniless; how, even she had managed to support herself these two years was a wonder; she had sent all her money to Harold in Paris. They had never been well-off, as he had thought, as even, dear woman, she had led him to think; and now when the end was come, Harold found himself practically destitute.

But to an artist one thing only was possible—his art. So he went back to Paris, to study and, as he said, to succeed. To succeed! For six months he painted birthday cards and designed biscuit tins. Sometimes he had the luck to be commissioned for a poster; sometimes to be allowed to illustrate a tourist's hand-book. But there were so many other men seeking the same things, better men than he, and just as cheap; and all the time success, the success of a picture, did not come.

He struggled on, in the misery of privation; he had recourse to every make-shift a needy artist has to fly to—and his poverty conquered him, and he fell ill.

They took him to the hospital; but he did not die. He loved a woman; that was the passion that gave him courage to live on. And so, with regular meals, he soon recovered; and at length they discharged him

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cured, with many recommendations to look after himself, and to take plenty of nourishment. It speaks something for his sense of humour that he could smile at this last remark.

Then he went back to the Latin Quarter, and found the garret he called his studio was let to somebody else, and his effects all sold for rent. And now for a week he had lived in the streets and slept in the gardens, and had eaten—seldom.

Still, he did not die—he loved the woman. He took his life to her, and forgot his misery. He would go to her, early and late, and stand and drink in her beauty; and all else was of so little importance, so long as he could but see her. Yet she was but of marble, this woman, and was called the Venus of Milo, and was enthroned in the Louvre. She was all that stood between Harold Atherton and the Seine.

This morning, hopeless and weak with hunger, he was stumbling across the courtyard of the Palace, eager to meet his love, when he was stopped by the exclamation already set down, and turning round wearily, he saw a lady and gentleman at his side.

The gentleman was a slight, dapper little man, of a sharp, energetic appearance, with grizzled hair, in accredited tourist guise, at once repellent and amusing. The lady was much younger than he, slight too, but taller, smartly dressed, in that brave fashion that American girls carry so well, with a tightly-fitting tailor-made costume and a large felt hat that in Paris, at any rate, is called a buffalo. An American visitor and his daughter—that was what Harold found himself hoping.

The old gentleman addressed him again:

"Say, young man, we want showing around."

Harold still looked at them, with some show of perplexity; he caught the young lady's eyes searching him kindly.

"You are an English guide now, aren't you?"

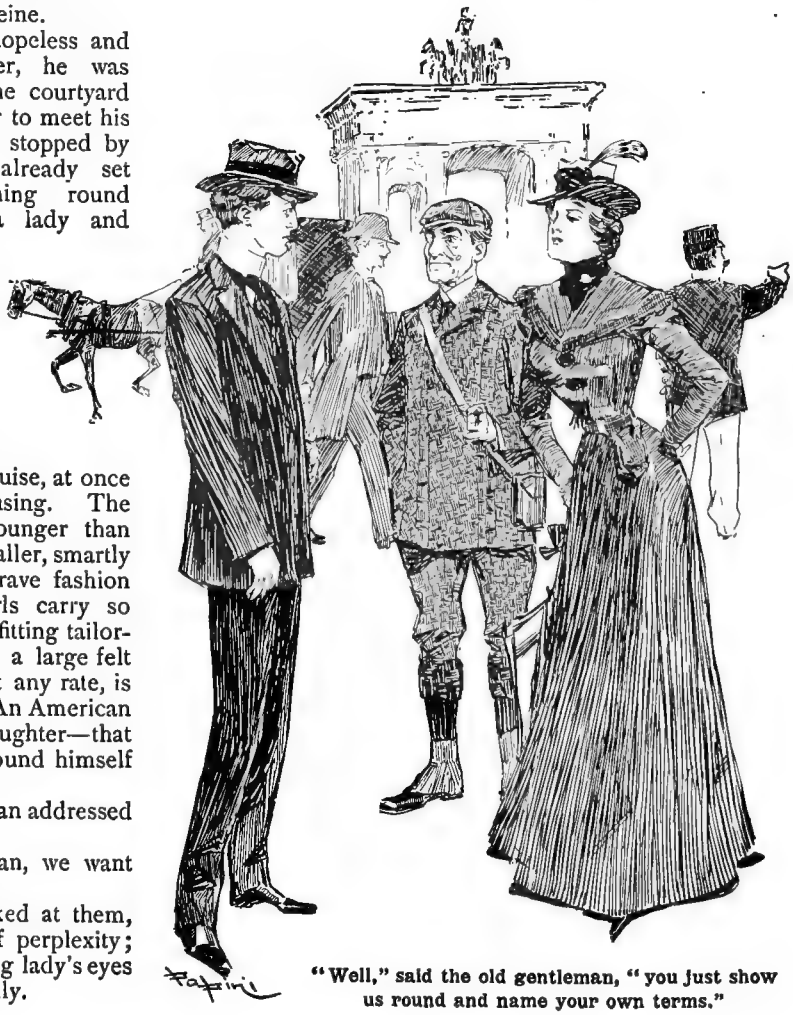
If her companion had asked him he would have assuredly spoken the truth; but he was looking into those kindly, steel-grey eyes of hers, and impulsively, irrationally, perhaps instinctively, he answered, "Of course!"

"Well!" said the old gentleman, "that's what we want. You just show us around and name your own terms. We look to do this tour regardless."

"Thank you, Mr. ——" Harold stammered, and stopped.

"Winstead, young man," was the reply. "John G. Winstead, of New York City; and this here's my daughter, Penelope."

Harold acknowledged the explanation with a bow, in which there was more of gratitude and relief than he was perhaps aware; he had



"Well," said the old gentleman, "you just show us round and name your own terms."

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been fearing she might not be his daughter after all.

"My name's Atherton," he said in his turn. "Harold Atherton, at your service." It was the lady who bowed now; the scene was quite a ceremony of introduction.

"It's our first trip to Paris," she said with a smile, "and so you'll find us quite too ignorant, Mr. Atherton; and popper couldn't hit it at all with the guide at the hotel."

"Well," said Mr. Winstead, "why not commence where we are. Let's start ahead and do the Louvre."

"All right," replied Harold, "the principal entrance is across the quadrangle yonder. Will you follow me?"

They followed him, Penelope with her eyes as well, and she saw him pause and stagger, and almost faint, and she saw him save himself by an effort and stagger forward and still go on.

"Mr. Atherton," she cried, "what is this arch here?" pointing to the small Arch of Triumph on their way.

Harold turned; for that was all she wanted, Then she saw, too, the pallor of his face, his bloodless lips, his sunken cheek, his fiery, feverish eyes; and she thought, and she sought, and her woman's instinct found.

"Don't worry about that," cried her father; "never mind about side-shows—let's get on to the solid thing."

And they all pressed forward again. But when they had come to the entrance, and were preparing to mount the steps:

"Popper," cried Penelope, "I want some more to eat."

Harold stayed as he was, slightly in advance of the others. He dared not turn his head; he waited, and, with self-reproach, he hoped.

"Well, now, Pen," replied Mr. Winstead, "I call that real kind of you, I do. I wouldn't dare to bring up the topic myself, but I could peck a bit with pleasure. They don't give you enough to eat where we are, Pen, and that's a fact."

"Would you mind, Mr. Atherton," pleaded Penelope, "taking us to a little restaurant, and getting us something. I'm sure you can, and we are so helpless by ourselves, you see; aren't we, popper?"

"So, so, Pen, so, so—but my daughter's right. And if, sir, you could manage a little more breakfast yourself, it would make it a heap more pleasant and sociable."

"I am sure you are very good," answered Harold sincerely, "and if I may come with you as your guest, not as your guide, I shall only be too pleased to accept your invitation."

"Put it there, Mr. Atherton," said the old gentleman, addressing Harold for the first time by his name. "Put it right there"—and he offered his hand, as friend to friend, and Harold took it and shook it heartily.

"Now let's get on," he continued, and began to retrace his steps across the quadrangle. Harold would have followed him, but Miss Winstead had laid her hand upon his arm.

"Won't you shake hands with me too?" she said.

And so their hands met, and they were friends—perhaps more than friends already.

"And now won't you give me your arm?" she asked again, and did not wait for the answer. And so they were walking back again, side by side; and to Harold the quadrangle has never seemed so small, so easy to traverse before.

They soon reached Mr. Winstead.

"Come on, popper," cried his daughter. "You come this end. Now I'm in the middle, protected on both sides."

And they went out into the street. Harold looked up at the name of it, he was hoping it was in Dreamland and would be called la Rue de la Vie—life and for life, with *her*.

"Say," interrupted Penelope's protector on the other side, "are we pointing right for the restaurant."

"Straight ahead," said Harold, waking from his reverie, "two minutes more, and we're there."

He took them to a little creamery in the Rue St. Honoré; a place he knew, where he had once had his regular serviette-ring.

"How sweet!" cried Penelope. "It is just like a little toy-shop."

And she ordered there and then half-a-dozen eggs, "fresh from Normandy, Madame," and rolls and butter and coffee.

She made a great pretence of looking after her father, but the corner of her eye was always upon Harold; and somehow he felt no pride or awkwardness now, but fell to and made a meal that rejoiced Miss Winstead's heart.

And then, in the same corner of her eye, there stood a pearl-like tear—she was pitying him; but this Harold did not see.

"Pen," said her father, "this fills the bill; we'll come here every morning while we stop in Paris. You're a pretty girl," he went on, this time to the waitress, "and if you run this show yourself, some young fellow's got a good wife in store for him. Don't understand,

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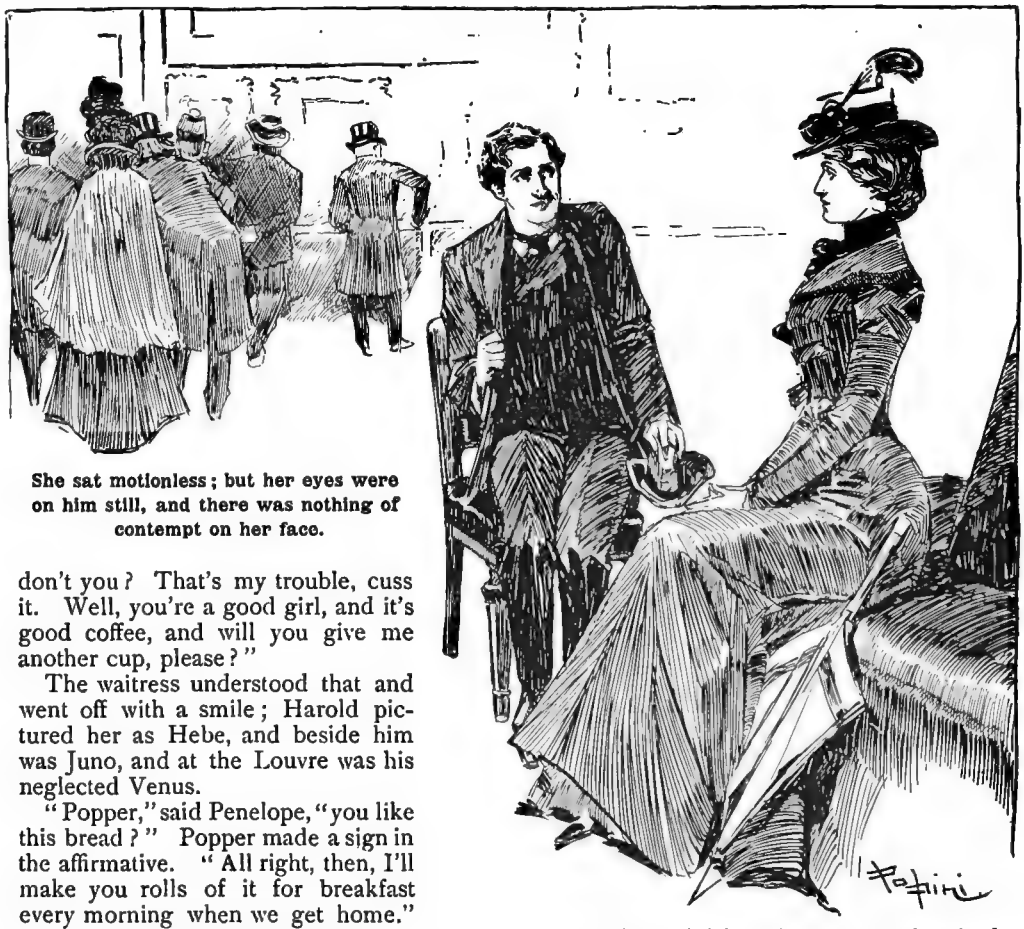

She sat motionless; but her eyes were on him still, and there was nothing of contempt on her face.

don't you? That's my trouble, cuss it. Well, you're a good girl, and it's good coffee, and will you give me another cup, please?"

The waitress understood that and went off with a smile; Harold pictured her as Hebe, and beside him was Juno, and at the Louvre was his neglected Venus.

"Popper," said Penelope, "you like this bread?" Popper made a sign in the affirmative. "All right, then, I'll make you rolls of it for breakfast every morning when we get home."

"And she will, too," said Popper, laughing at Harold.

She was laughing at him, too, but looking as well, and saw that he had finished his good breakfast.

"Popper," she said, "we mustn't waste Mr. Atherton's time, dear; we'd better make a move now."

"Was it already time to go? Harold had never found the time pass so quickly before; perhaps he had never before been so happy. Sorrow is dull, and sadness has leaden feet, but happiness is like love, and speeds on wings.

Now he found himself in the sunshine again, but surely never had the sun shone so gloriously as now. The springtime was very beautiful—how came he never to have seen that before? The world was very fair—life was a good thing after all. He had just eaten, and was walking by the side of the lady he was beginning to love, and yet he wondered why he was so glad.

"Sir," cried Mr. Winstead, "what is the Louvre, to start with, anyhow?"

"There are pictures in it," answered Atherton, "and a statue."

"Only one statue," cried the American, "well, we can top that in New York."

"There are statues and statues, heaps of them," said Harold—"but there is one."

"And what is that one, Mr. Atherton?" asked the girl.

"I cannot tell you," he answered abruptly.

"You're quite right, sir," said her father approvingly. "Penelope, don't you get asking questions that are not respectable to answer."

"I beg your pardon," said Harold to him, "you misunderstand me. And I beg your pardon, too, Miss Winstead," he went on. "I fear lest you misunderstood me also. I will show you my statue, if you like; will you come?"

"Thank you, Mr. Atherton," she answered, serious now, "but you must still lend me your

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arm. I have more need of it now, perhaps, than ever."

They spoke very little till they stood before the Venus of Milo. Harold had taken his hat off as if in worship, even the American was awed into silence. As for Miss Winstead her hand upon his arm trembled; there was in her eyes something of admiration, something of hate; then came the revelation that she was jealous, and of a marble block.

She drew away from him, and made as if to go.

"She is very beautiful," she said, "I think I understand *now*."

And she took her father's arm, and they went quickly down the gallery. Harold came after, and began to explain the objects exhibited, mostly all wrong, but it did not matter. Mr. Winstead was not frantically interested in art, Miss Winstead was more interested in something else, and so they came to the transverse corridor.

Here Mr. Winstead found a model of the Suez Canal.

"Kiddies," he said, "amuse yourselves any way you like for a spell, here's something wants studying. Like as not I can pick up a wrinkle or two for Nicaragua."

His daughter walked on, and Harold followed her.

"Miss Winstead," he pleaded, and she turned, and in her proud, grey eye there was a sparkle, not of pride, but of a woman's tear.

"Miss Winstead," he said, drawing nearer her, "I fear you misunderstand me worse than ever. May I speak?"

"Let us sit down," she only said, yet her consent was there.

He sat beside her, there was no one else near them, but his lips seemed sealed, he could not utter a word more.

"What do you wish to say then?" she asked in her turn. And he caught the glint of her eyes again, and that gave him courage to proceed.

"Only that I love you, love you dearly," came welling from his heart.

Then he was afraid, afraid of his presumption, not ashamed; and he waited for the torrent of reproach that he expected.

Not a word, she sat motionless; but her eyes were on him still, and there was nothing of contempt on her face.

"I am no guide," he went on, "only a painter, a wretched, starving, student painter. And when your father asked me—yes, you shall know all the truth—it was in the hope of a meal that I lied. Yet that is not quite all either; I know now it was, too, to be near you. I loved you from the first minute I saw you, unconsciously, because it was my fate. I loved you and I love you. Will you not speak to me?"

Her grey eyes were tender, but unquiet, too, and suspicious.

"And the statue-woman?" was all she said.

"Thank God, then, you are jealous," he cried. "Miss Winstead, I have loved my mother and still love her. I have loved the statue, and still love her, and I love you. The three loves of my life are these—the three loves that will last all through my life. And there is nothing of rivalry in them, but they hold my heart in unison; and one love does not lessen the other, but they all make me love *you* the more."

Her eyes were shining still; but not with tears. With what? He could not tell; he dared not hope; the depths of them were hidden, and they held his destiny.

She rose. "Popper," she said, "come here." Popper trotted up obedient.

"Popper," she began to explain, "Mr. Atherton is no guide."

"Well, do you know, sir," was his interruption, "it struck me that way, too. You are no guide, you know; but still we shall get on all right, I daresay."

Harold was desperate now. "I lied to you," he blurted out, "because I was starving."

"My boy, don't you fret about that," returned the American. "It's a white sort of lie, and hasn't done any of us any harm, anyway."

"I'm a painter," Harold continued, "an artist without an atelier, without a sou. Look at my clothes; you can see the pass I've come to. So kick me, and let me go!"

"Steady, young feller," said Mr. Winstead, "there's no call for hysterics of this sort. You'll do all right, if you bear up; only you can't rush success in any line. I expect Art's a good deal like getting your living; and that's mighty hard. Why, young man," he said, putting his arm on Harold's shoulder, "do you know what I was doing when I was your age. I was a conductor on the Elevated Railway at twenty dollars a month, and that's a sight lower down than art, you bet. *I'm* nothing, my boy, just because I've got a pile—nothing at all by the side of you. So just you buck up—d'you hear?—and lean on me a bit till you get your breath again."

It was he who had to get his breath again, but he went on, thoroughly roused now.

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"An artist! That's God Almighty's nobility, young man. Any fool can make money like me, but he'd have to be an incurable idiot if he didn't feel modest before a man like you. I ain't got nothing to be proud of, only a lot to be thankful for; and you—seems to me—you've got heaps to be proud of, and all your luck to come."

And so they went on.

When they reached the open street, they saw that there was something evidently afoot. It is a wonderful city, this modern Paris, and a wonderful people who live there. At ten this morning the town was calm; now at midday the town was at the height of fever. The people were invading the street, forming into groups at the corners; the groups would now and then break off and march forward in procession. Other crowds would come up from distant faubourgs, with wild cries and frenzied salutation; a word of order would somehow be passed along from someone somewhere; men would spring as if from the gutter to take command with unquestioned authority, and the multitude would sway on with great resistless force.

There were no police to be seen; word went that they had been repulsed. "It is already a victory," said someone, and the speech was echoed all down the line. The shopkeepers had put up their shelters; the people on the upper stories had come out on to their balconies to see the spectacle; but they left the folding-doors open, so as to leave open a retreat.

Paris was in *émeute;* the cause was trivial, no doubt, and by now would be quite forgotten; the people had need of distraction, as a volcano that must sometimes burst.

They were talking now of petroleum and a barricade; only talking as yet; but there were women in the crowd, and they, as History has proved, can go to extremes.

There came a cry, "the soldiery," and afar off could be heard the hoofs of a mounted squadron. Some of the people retreated, disappeared; some pressed forward, wedging themselves into a phalanx tightly, while there was yet time; some ensconced themselves in corners, with loose paving-stones handy, and waited.

Penelope's eyes were afire with excitement. "Ah, popper," she cried, "it is a revolution! Come right on, popper, and let's get in the thick of it."

"Pen," said Mr. Winstead, seeking to hold her back, "climb right down, and come in out of the wet. We've got no call to revolutionise; let these folk get through their own business themselves."

She took him up as one would take up a child, and bore him across to safety.

But it was too late; they were already in the vortex of the crowd. The crowd sucked them in and formed all round them; they could not move, save with the swaying of the mass, backwards, forwards, backwards, forwards.

Harold pressed nearer to the girl; his arm was round her now, and she allowed it; he kept his shoulders squared for the rush. For one brief moment he wished, with a

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queer smile, that he had eaten more breakfast; but the next moment he felt as strong as Samson, for now the danger was coming.

There were confused cries up the street. Straining forward over the heads of the people, one could catch a glimpse of the horses' upreared heads, then the helmets of the dragoons, then the sheen of an uplifted sword; then one closed one's eyes, and one heard only the dull, sickening thud—happily they were only striking with the flat of their blades *as yet*.

The crowd reeled like a drunken man. It was feeling already the impetus of the charge, then stood firm again in sullen defiance. Pray God no one fire a pistol shot!—that would mean blood and massacre.

Clatter, clatter, clatter came the noise of the cavalry, their accoutrements jangling against one another and themselves; round and round went their horses, and forward again, prancing and rearing as in well-trained drill; and the people gave way, and the dragoons came nearer, nearer.

But in vain Harold tried to fight a way of escape through the dense throng. Try as he would, he could make no passage, they must wait till the passage should be made for them.

"Stand close to her," he said to Mr. Winstead, in a tone almost of command, and the old gentleman thrust forward his hand to grip the other's, and she, Penelope, was between them, and Harold's arm was always around her in sweet protection.

The passage yawned at last, but the mounted soldiery came swinging through it. The people ran this way and that, still the horses pressed forward each making a little alley for himself. Still the flat sabres descended, thud, thud, and the people fled or fell, and the charge went on.

The little party tried to retire on one side, but they got caught between two files of dragoons; a man in front of them was struck to the ground and a horse came over him.

Harold leaned up and met the horse's head with his disengaged arm. A blow on the nostrils, and the poor beast had swerved aside, and the rider had gone past and had not touched the treasure our hero was guarding. But the horse's hoof came down on Harold's foot, but he stood there, and did not cry or faint as yet.

There was a little space, a little opening of escape.

"Across," cried Harold, "to the side." And he tried to walk, but his ankle was as of jelly, and he fell helplessly to the ground.

"Never mind me," he cried again; "get to the side quickly—get to the side."

There was a new light in Miss Winstead's clear grey eyes. No fear had ever been there, nor cowardice; but now they shone with a warmer glow as Harold spoke thus.

And she leaned over him, and took him up as one would take a child; and so she bore him across to safety.

The soldiers saw it and paused to give her place in unaffected admiration. The people saw it too, and made way; and she had carried him to the pavement, and set him down behind the shelter of a pillar.

Her father came after, and rubbing his shoulder. "Pen," he said, "I would give all our dollars you don't want to have that soldier off his horse and in a corner." He had received the blow that was meant for Harold.

The charge went on. The people broke and fled in the opposite direction; and then, at the corner of the square, was a detachment of infantry drawn up, and they were fixing bayonets.

The people came back again like hunted rabbits; one by one they crept away through side streets and passages, the dragoons wheeled round, always at the gallop, to complete the rout; the *émeute* was finished for that day, at least.

The police came out with the ambulances, and took off the wounded; and the shopkeepers opened their shops again, and the omnibuses were running as if nothing had happened. And in half an hour there was not a sign that Paris had just escaped another Commune.

Harold was standing up now, his face pale with pain.

"Miss Winstead," he said, "how brave you are, how good! You saved my life."

"Mr. Atherton," she replied, "I guess you saved mine first."

And she would not say another word, but hailed a cab that was passing, and helped him to step in.

"Jump in, popper!" she cried, and she told the coachman to drive to their hotel.

"But——" began Harold.

"I beg your pardon," she explained. "It was the only address I knew."

Harold was silent, but he had no other address to give her.

Mr. Winstead spoke instead.

"Pen's quite right," he said, "she's always right. You've got to come with us and be fixed up."

So it fell out that presently Harold was

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installed upon a sofa with a doctor in attendance, who twisted the ankle back again into its place and bandaged it with a roll of linen which seemed everlasting; and prescribed a long rest for his patient, and plenty of nourishment, and chicken and champagne. He was the doctor of the hotel, you see.

So they had their chicken together, the three—Harold being wheeled up to the table, Miss Winstead sitting beside him.

"How good you are!" was all he could say—his wet eyes said all the rest. His hand went out towards her; she took it in hers. And then she bent and kissed him on the lips; and now he knew what the new light was in her eyes—it was the light of love.

"Popper," she said, turning to her astonished parent, "I have decided to marry Mr. Atherton."

"But, Penelope," he gasped——

"Popper," she went on, "marriage is a very serious and important affair. I think my wishes should be consulted. Also, popper, when I have decided on a thing, you ought to know by now that that thing's as good as done."

Mr. Winstead could only make a gesture of despair, but when she saw the shadow on his face, she had come across and nestled at his knee.

"Popper," she cried, "you dear old popper, don't you think I am right? For I wouldn't marry even my own love without your blessing."

What could he do? Only stoop and kiss her and raise her up, and lead her to this love, and join their hands together, and bless them as she wished, and that in all sincerity.

"I *was* hoping," he said, "as my gal'd catch a duke or a viscount; but I guess a *man's* a sight better after all. Put it there, son-in-law, put it there; you don't deserve her, but, then, there's no living man as does, or ever could; and if Pen's mind fixed about it, I guess that's good enough for *us*. Pen's right, you bet; Pen's always right."

Then they came to the champagne the doctor had ordered—and Penelope had filled the glasses.

"You'll do, son-in-law," continued Mr. Winstead, "as your late respected Lord Tennyson once observed:

> Real grit's worth stacks of coronets
> And backbone's more account than blood.

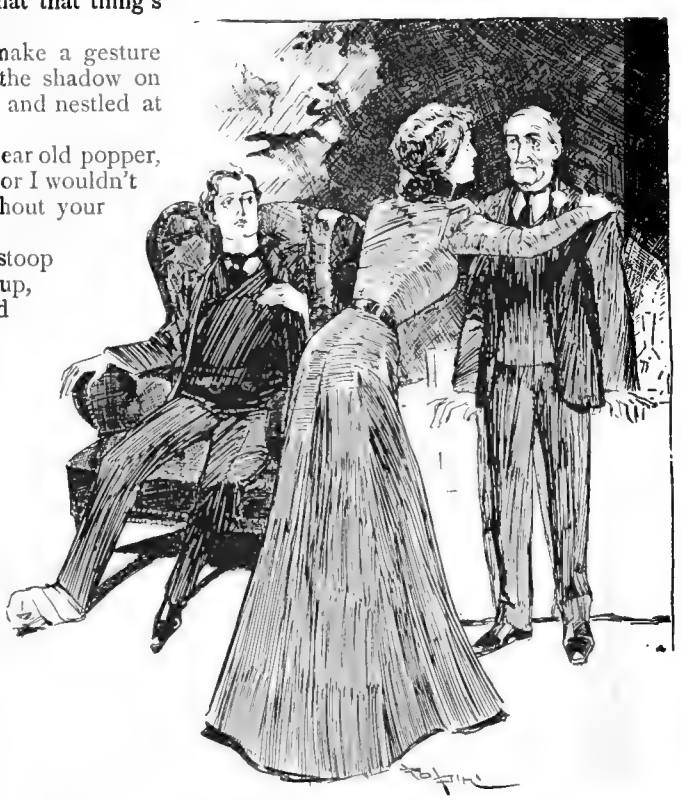
Pen, we tipples towards you."

"You dear old dad! Drink up quickly and put the glass down. I'm coming over to hug you."

But she came back again—to hug someone else.

Thus it fell out that they sent out for a cab for a cripple, which said cab was driven to the church and to the Embassy, and Penelope became madame. And passages were booked in the *Transatlantique* for Mr. John C. Winstead, of New York, with whom were Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, and Harold and his wife went on their honeymoon.

But they are coming back again—to Paris and the Louvre. Penelope understands all things now, and the Venus is a goddess though of stone, and Harold will be a great painter, and Penelope is his *wife*.



"Popper," she said, turning to her astonished parent, "I have decided to marry Mr. Atherton."

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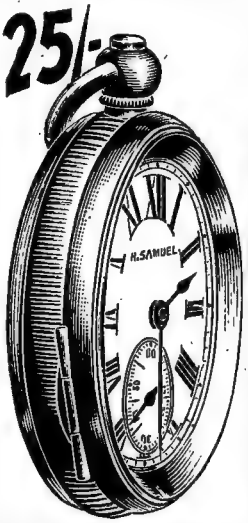

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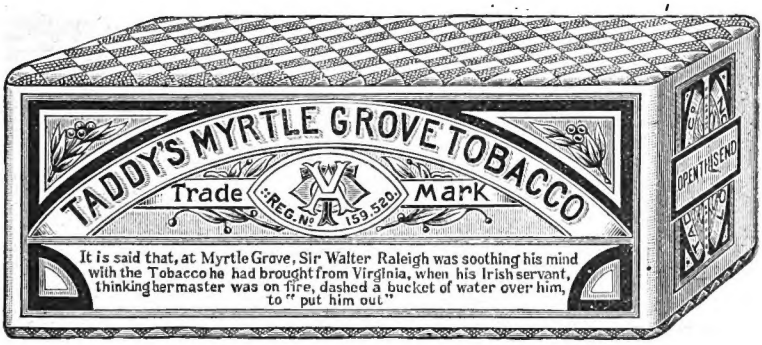
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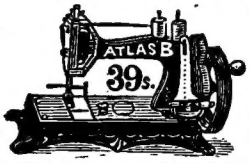

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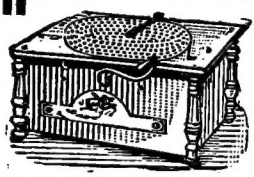

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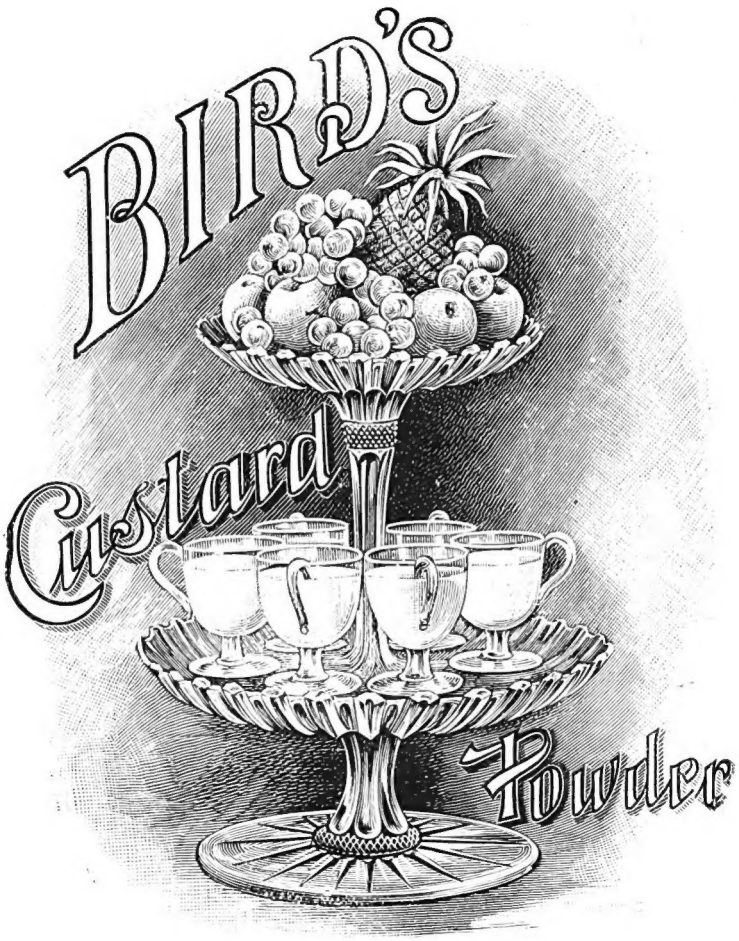

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